TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 22, No. 35. Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors Offices: 26-28 Adelaide Street West TORONTO, CANADA, JUNE 12, 1909. TERMS—Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance) $2. Whole No. 1123.

THE FRONT PAGE

DOING and race track gambling are questions of the hour. We have in them problems which must be squarely faced. It is not a thing of to-day and to-morrow, nor of what the Grand Jury thinks or does not think respecting the presence of the King of England at Epsom Downs or of His Majesty's representative Lord Grey at the Woodbine track. Here in Toronto we have had our influx of American horses and American gamblers, and now the crowd, biped as well as quadruped, have wended their way Montrealward where they will spend the next two weeks. After that there will be other events here in Canada of less importance from a public point of view, but probably more profitable from the gambler's standpoint.

Horse racing is a kingly sport, one which the Anglo-Saxon takes into his being along with his mother's milk. Here in Canada following along from the early days when British officers rode their horses against the country gentleman's mount, racing has been indulged in by men who could afford to own good horses and whose livelihoods were in no way dependent upon the swift heels of the beasts or the "books." So it was in the old times in the United States, the days of the Belmonts, the Whitneys, the Lorilords, Lucky Baldwin of California, old Governor Bowie of Maryland, and Charles Reed of Saratoga, once of England, who bred and raced the great mare Thora, the best of her generation. These are but a few of the many in the days when racing in the United States was a sport and not a business. A gentleman backed his horse against another horse for the honor of the State, Maryland against Kentucky, or perchance the North against the South.

But the time came when these gentlemen dropped the sport—crowded out by the professional—and their places were taken by others; largely by men who raced not to see what a good horse could do, but for the money there was in it. The stableman and the "tout," the bookmaker and the butcher, who was as good a judge of horses as he was of hogs, took on racing stables. They raced for a livelihood. They were dependent for their bread and drink upon the speed animals in their stables, and the bookmakers on the course. Up to that period of racing in America the bookmaker had only been a trifling being on the landscape, but suddenly he found himself the prime factor at each race meet. This was the beginning of the end of horse racing in the United States for it was then not a fan cry from the high-class meets at Saratoga and Sheepshead Bay to the cheap New Jersey tracks where gambler met gambler; where horses were pulled and drugged and doped, and where the gambling instinct of the population was fostered and led on by pool rooms located as they were in well nigh every city of the land. The time came when public opinion would stand it no longer, and led by Governor Hughes of New York, the gambler was ousted, for like the prize fighter he is now given no resting place under the laws of the land.

Here in Canada to-day we are where the Americans were a generation ago. We have our Seagrams, our Becks, our Hendries, our Dyments who love good horses and race for the sport it affords. But will this continue in the face of the professional race horse men from the United States? I doubt it. When taken out of amateur and placed in professional hands nearly all sports retrograde, and racing is no exception to the rule. With the professional race horse owner, comes the tout, the bookmakers, whose first name is usually Abe, and all the rest of the precious outfit.

We are facing the problem here in Canada to-day. Will we continue racing upon the commendable lines of our forefathers or will we turn over the outfit to the care of the American gambler and his American methods, to the man who is no longer allowed to gamble openly in the land of his nativity? If we do, then just as sure as day follows night the people of Canada will rise up against it, and legislate out of existence a kingly sport, which was worthy of our ancestors and which is still worthy when conducted upon gentlemanly, sportsmanlike lines.

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THE indifference and lethargy with which the average man views great public questions was well exemplified here in Toronto the other day when it came to voting for or against the expenditure of $700,000 or more upon a sea wall. Marshalled on the side of the sea wall project was every daily paper in the city, save one, The Evening Telegram. For and against the plan were published columns upon columns of boom literature, criticism and general explanations of what a sea wall would do and what it would not do. In the face of all this, however, when it came to a vote the total ballot cast was 4,179, or hardly ten per cent. of the possible vote.

The sea wall project was lost by a substantial majority, considering the small vote, while the by-law authorizing the extension of the waterworks was carried by the munificent majority of 29 votes. It is quite evident that Toronto cares little whether there is a sea wall or not, and as for an improved waterworks system, well they cared 29 votes worth at any rate. It takes more than a newspaper boom to stir people up to the extent of taking a half hour off to vote on a Saturday during the golf, racing and baseball season.

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WHEN our own Dr. William Osler, regius professor of medicine at Oxford, talks, he almost invariably furnishes what the boys in the newspaper offices call good copy. To the rest of the profession are left details as to whether the woollen sock with the onion in it which grandma was accustomed to make us wear o'nights at sore throat time, possesses real virtue; whether a horse chestnut carried in the right hand trouser pocket will cure rheumatism, or whether the sulphur and molasses which mother dosed us with each springtime was the proper medicine for the season.

At the recent meeting of the Ontario Medical Association, where Dr. Osler was the honored guest, this eminent physician spoke on faith healing, the efficacy of prayer, though he did not call it that, and kindred topics. He referred to the fact that prayer would not set broken limbs or prevent the spread of an epidemic, and then he jaunted along in his address to our faith cure continuous performance which goes on, year after year, at Ste. Anne de Beaupre. To the shrine of the good Ste. Anne go thousands upon thousands of pilgrims each season. The "faithful" journey to this shrine (a few miles below Quebec) by steamboats and cars until one might well imagine that every citizen in the Province of Quebec and many more from well beyond the borders, were taking in the sights and scenes of this quaint old place.

As Dr. Osler mentioned, more people frequent the shrine each year than are to be found in all the hospitals of Canada, and year after year miraculous cures are reported by the pious people and by the priests, and are fully recorded in the French daily papers. How much of the cure or how little the good Ste. Anne is responsible for must be left to the thorough going, hard-headed practitioner. To Dr. Osler for instance. That certain maladies of a nervous type, are either materially benefitted or entirely cured by a visit of the "faithful" to Ste. Anne de Beaupre no one can deny but then your doubting Thomas will say that there was really nothing the matter with the people in the first place. They only imagined they were ill. This is doubtless true enough, but they were none the less ill for having imagined it. Perhaps again, the average skeptic is correct in his conclusion when he places these marvelous cures in the same category as the witch doctor and the bundle of sticks, bones and beads which the African carries about with him as a ward against sickness.

This question of "imaginitis," some forms of which the wise medical men call neurasthenia, and the cures thereof, are all very puzzling to the layman. Cures are made at Our Lady of Lourdes, at Ste. Anne de Beaupre, and by the application of Christian Science and the Emmanuel movement. Some susceptible soul might be cured by anyone of the four, or perchance by the witch doctor and the bundle of sticks. For after all it is unquestionably a mental process of which the average layman, at least, knows but little.

The one conclusion arrived at, however, is that one must have faith—credulity—be it in a doctor, a shrine, Christian Science or the dozen and one artifices which are sprung upon the dear public yearly, by as many men and women who have "discovered" a new religion or a new faith, and who, particularly on this continent, gather followers about them with a facility which speaks well at least for the open mindedness of the average man and woman.

Shrewd man that he is, Dr. Osler recognizes that faith bears no little part in the profession of medicine. "The principle of faith," he says, "is the most precious asset of the medical profession. Once lost and how long would a doctor retain his clientele?"

Perhaps, after all, as Dr. Osler suggests, the medical profession have too long neglected the psychological side of the human race. The medical practitioner is naturally a materialist, his very training through his college years and afterward promotes and furthers this side of his nature. Cures by suggestion have so far found little credence and less sympathy among medical men generally, but perhaps, as I said before, it is time for its entry into the science of medicine. When this condition is arrived at there will be less humbug "sciences" and "faiths" and more cures, for the medical man with his wider knowledge will not only have surmounted the seeming difficulties of the present age, but will have as a basis a solid working knowledge of what faith and suggestion will cure and what it will not.

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MEMBERS of the Ontario Medical Association inform us that the people of the United States are swindled out of $62,000,000 annually, while here in Canada the amount is $6,000,000. In other words the sum of $68,000 000 is annually paid by the public of this continent for "patent" medicines. That the average bottle of dope taken in the form of a "cure all" is productive of immense harm there can be no doubt. The patent medicine which allays pain, is, as all druggists and physicians know, largely composed of opium, morphia and other sedatives, mixed with a heavy proportion of alcohol. This concoction is given to baby and to grandma, and then we read statistics of the growing drug habit and wonder why.

However, as bad as this is, it is not the worst feature, for as Dr. J. Ferguson stated at the recent meeting of the Ontario Medical Association, these "patent" medicines not only make people a slave to drugs and create an appetite for strong drink, but they debauch and degrade humanity. In many publications which should be above this business—in the daily papers and in many of the cheap magazines—the most suggestive of advertisements are flaunted before the public gaze. We take Billiken off the dead walls of the city, but allow the publication of patent medicine literature far more immoral than any playbill that can be imagined. Of course, I understand it's easy money for the publications which carry it. The advertising solicitor is not even obliged to go after the patent medicine men. He comes with his hat in his hand, ready to pay good prices for the privilege of bringing his nostrums to the attention of the public.

The governments of our country, Federal and Provincial, protect us fairly well from the ordinary confidence man, but they do nothing to ward off the people who first suggest illness and then present a poison with which to cure it.

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SPECIAL writers in the American magazines are devoting a good deal of space to the question of empty churches. Statistics compiled after careful investigation show that only the Roman Catholics are holding their own in such centres as New York city, while the Protestant and Jewish faiths have slowly but surely lost ground until now considerably over half of what would ordinarily be placed in the Protestant and Hebrew columns are down in the churchless list.

"Many of the rich are in the churches, nearly all of the poor are outside," says Ray Stanard Baker in The American Magazine, and this view is also corroborated by a special writer for Harper's Weekly. The question is one of almost universal interest, for any great movement which affects one portion of this continent is almost sure sooner or later to have its results in the furthermost communities.

What is termed the uptown flight of the Protestant churches is blamed to a large extent for present conditions. From lower New York these churches have moved steadily northward, following the general trend of the better population, leaving behind them the poor. In place of the churches, mission societies and mission chapels have been built, and to these the people of the district will not go. On this question of chapels I quote the Rev. Gaylord S. White, who said:

"The misconceived mission chapel, unattractive and often positively mean in appearance, but 'good enough for the poor' and fitted out with a pastor to match—the whole thing undemocratic and insulting in its implications to the intelligence and self-dependence of the workingman—has been a dismal failure."

Unquestionably this separation of the sheep from the goats, the clean from the unclean, the ragged from the well dressed, the poor from the rich, has contributed very largely toward the indifference of the working classes in both Canada and the United States to church going. The humble artisan with his plainly dressed wife, perchance in a hat of last year's fashion, has a decided objection to rubbing elbows with the man in silky topper and the woman with rustling skirts. The artisan feels out of place, uncomfortable in the swell uptown house of worship, but at the same time his independence, his manliness which he has taken into his system with the free air of the continent, makes him resent the attitude and atmosphere of the mission.

But the problem does not end here, for some carefully prepared statistics indicate that New Yorkers in the upper walks of life, at least those who reside in the upper portion of the city, are well nigh as churchless as are those in the downtown districts. For instance, in that portion of the city bounded by 110th and 134th streets, Park and Eighth avenues, there reside a total of 12,638 families, and of these 6,546 are without churches, and the only sect which appears to be at all holding its own are the Roman Catholics.

In England the same problem presents itself, for every year the number of churchmen are growing less, as compared with the population; at least this is what the great Church of England clergymen are stating in their pulpits and in the public press. Here in Canada we have not as yet this problem seriously before us. But will we have it in the future? Is it on the way? Are not our Protestant churches operated too much on the plan of those in New York city, taking care of the rich and the well-to-do and letting the poor take care of themselves? It's worth thinking over in any event.

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THE question of taxing incomes is now receiving in the United States most serious consideration. With its augmented army, the never decreasing pension list, and its ambitious naval programme, that country begins to feel what the countries of Europe have been experiencing for years—the pinch of poverty. With the enormous expenditures and heavy deficits to face, the public men are looking about for relief. Even the tariff crazy Senate cannot bring its protectionist wall up to the point where the income will equal the expenditure. Other sources of revenue must be found, and naturally enough the United States turns to England and that country's methods of imposing an income and an inheritance tax. That the United States has taken the question up seriously can be gathered from the fact that not only does President Taft, like Theodore Roosevelt, stand sponsor for it, but the Department of Commerce and Labor has detailed one of its experts to make a thorough study of the income tax both in England and France.

While not generally known, some of the Republican as well as Democratic leaders, have long been in favor of the income tax, and the late Senator Sherman, of Ohio, in speaking for it said: "It is the only tax levied in the United States that falls upon property or office or on brains that yield property, and in this respect it is distinguished from all other taxes levied by the United States, all of which are levied upon consumption—the consumption of the rich and the poor, the old and the young." Of course, there will exist a great deal of opposition to such a tax, and this will naturally come from the Senate, who are every day getting to represent more and more what the Lords stand for in England, the wealth of the community. But in the end unquestionably the people will have their way, and then the people, through the tax gatherer, will take afte the gentlemen for whom they have so long been gunning, the multi-millionaire, who, under the existing form of taxation, the protective tariff, receives so many times his due and pays so little in return.

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HAVE a hobby and live long. In other words, divorce yourself occasionally from your business, take on a new line of thought or play. The longer we live in this scientific age the greater seems the necessity for a diversion from the work of the year. The Independent is authority for the statement that the man with a hobby lives longer. It may not necessarily be a golf hobby, a billiard hobby or a baseball hobby. It may be a devotion to art, to literature, to horse racing, or to fishing. "Long livers," says this journal, "usually have not devoted themselves to one thing but to many, and have accomplished noteworthy work in several departments. Some time between fifty and sixty at the present time a great many business men come to their physicians showing the signs of beginning arterial degeneration, though as yet there are only a few neurotic symptoms—a little disturbance of digestion, a little tendency to insomnia, a growing irritability and a lack of self-control in little things—as the external indices of this change. The one thing is to get the man to let up on his work. If,

however, he is asked to give up his work, almost immediately a worse state of affairs will develop. He now has nothing to occupy his mind, he worries as to his condition, which he considers must be very serious, since his physician has advised him to give up work, and worry proceeds to set up a higher tension of arteries than work did before.

"If there is something that a man can turn to with supreme interest so as to occupy himself with it to the exclusion of business thoughts at least for a good portion of the day, then there is every hope of securing that lack of tension in arteries that will save them from further deterioration. It would, indeed, be worth the while for men, just as they try to keep themselves in good physical health by indulging in exercise when they are young, to provide for their mental health, and above all, their need for relaxation when older, by training themselves to indulge in some hobby that may become a precious interest in life. This is the therapeutic value of hobby."

The great difficulty, in this continent at least, is that the average business man imagines that he has no time for a hobby; in other words no time for a diversion and a rest. We chase the dollars and the dollars in turn chase us into the grave.

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A VERY important announcement was recently made by Sir Lomer Gouin, Prime Minister of Quebec, at a banquet of the Montreal Reform Club. The announcement, which comes somewhat as a surprise, on account of the previous unwillingness of the Quebec Government to assume such a policy, was to the effect that the Government had in view such changes in the rules of the Crown Lands department as would prevent the exportation of pulpwood from the province. When the new law comes into force all pulpwood cut on the lands of the Crown will have to be manufactured in the province, instead of, as formerly, going to feed the mills of the northern States. It is the aim of the Government to make their policy conform in this respect to that of Ontario.

The importance of this announcement cannot be exaggerated, and its effect on the industrial future of Quebec should be very powerful for good. The industrial future of that province depends in large measure on its treatment of lumbering and the allied industries, which are the most important in the province. But hitherto the American paper and pulp manufacturer has been the one to realize the biggest profits on Quebec's magnificent timber resources. It is time that this state of affairs should cease, and the Government seems to have at last come to realize it. But while the new law is undoubtedly for the benefit and advancement of the province at large, there are unquestionably a number of private interests that will be injured, and also there are some very serious dangers in connection with its operation. The most important of these latter is timber-thieving or "fake settling," as it is also called, meaning the taking up of land by bogus settlers and the subsequent stripping off of the timber. Already there has been a great deal of this practiced in the province of Quebec, where thousands of acres have in this way been reduced to waste and abandoned; and with the added value which the new law will give to settlers' land from the point of view of the American pulpwood buyer, and therefore the increased inducement to bogus settlers to take up land, there will need to be very strict supervision in this respect if serious depredations are to be avoided. But this should be easily managed if the task is taken up seriously, and with a good system of inspection the new law should bring nothing but good to the province. Quebec has some of the finest spruce lands in the world and a magnificent stand of timber. It has also tremendous and easily developed water-powers. The only thing lacking is the inducement to undertake their development. But now that the American will be unable to take the pulpwood out, he will be compelled to manufacture his pulp in the province, and so there is reason to hope that in a few years there will be flourishing paper-towns grouped about all the fine water-powers of Quebec.

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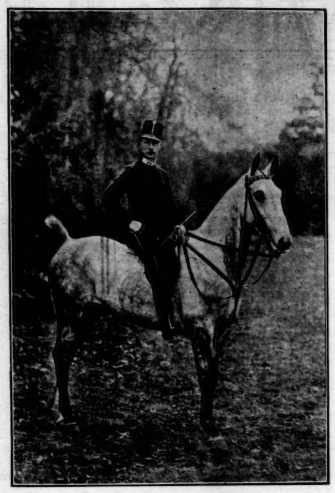
WHILE the purchase of rare works of art is the diversion of the rich man, it is at the same time proving an excellent investment for those who buy with discretion as well as knowledge. Some years ago it was thought that the rich American was the only man who would pay what was then generally characterized as absurdly high prices for paintings, but now it would appear that the Englishman as well as his rich cousin, is in the market for paintings at a price which a few years ago would have been deemed senseless and stupid. I am reminded of this by the recent sale in London of the late Sir John Charles Day's collection. The sale, which took place recently at Christie's, consumed two days, and the result was that 288 oils and water colors brought a total of $463,000. The late Sir John Day did not begin his collection until 1879, and at the sale just closed these pictures were marketed at prices ranging from double to three times the original cost, indicating that after all the collector, aside from what pleasures he derived from owning the works during his lifetime, made not a half bad investment for his heirs. As an instance of the enhanced value of the works during the twenty odd years they were in the possession of the late owner, a Corot, entitled "The Ferry," might be mentioned. For this picture Sir John paid $1,700, and it sold at the Christie sale for $14,300. Another was "The Woodcutters," by the same painter, which cost Sir John Day $2,000, and sold for $7,400. Still another was a Maris, purchased originally for $1,450, and sold for $15,300.

THE COLONEL.



THE FUTURE GERMAN EMPEROR.
Recent photograph of the Crown Prince of Germany, who celebrated his twenty-seventh birthday in May. The Prince is said to be a man of strong personality and of uncommon tact and discretion.

The Indian and Education.

By F. Onondeyoh Loft (Mohawk).

WHATEVER may be the short-comings of the Indian in his failure to respond more flexibly to education and its effect as a guide to lead him away by degrees from his apparent apathy in this regard and finally to reach the higher status of the civil life, he should not be too readily viewed as being a wilful antagonist or oppositionist to the effort that has been and is being made to school him.

I think I might with a degree of confidence suggest that his backwardness is mainly due to his unconcern for his future and generation. Happy and content, he lives for to-day and not for the morrow. His original and native craft does not embrace the craving for gain which he thinks—and not without some truth, perhaps—follows in the train of education. A fervent lover of his home and family, he has no other aim in life than to provide them with comfort and food consistent with his ability to supply them amply. He will not suffer his children to hunger. Prompted by his retiring nature, he feels that no matter what he may become, he is bound to be ever isolated in the process of the great divide which has surely placed him in the back-ground. It has been a difficult matter for him to shake off the germ of suspicion that seems to have permeated his soul, that he has been the prey of his superiors who have gained the advantage of him at every turn. Cheated and beaten, he remains secluded where he is left to hew out as best he can his salvation.

The programme of educational work that has been mapped out for him during the last half century or more, though meritorious, has been a failure in bringing about results no doubt anticipated by the designers. Speaking of him collectively, I am bound to confess that the noticeably advanced position some tribes of Canada have taken in agricultural and other pursuits—mainly the former—are to be credited largely to his initiative, allied with his remarkable imitative accumen which he employs with every possible advantage to himself. The history of his primitive and nomadic age furnishes us with ample proof of his original craft and science which now provide food for study of the archaeologist and student of race characteristics.

Without education, he has been able to demonstrate the alertness and activity of his brain in designing his government, protection and subsistence. Let him share to the fullest extent the advantages provided and enjoyed by his white brother, and he will in due season prove himself of a quality and calibre not inferior to any other class of people. His backwardness, which has been a subject of comment in parliament and out of it, describing him as being still an Indian, appears to incline towards resting the blame on him. True, he is not without his serious faults and weaknesses, and he must bear his fair share of the censure, if it is to be reckoned as such.

The system and method adopted by our national government as his trustee, aided by the great missionary movement of the church, are not without their deficiencies and lamentable weakness. First of all, there is no recognized educationist at Ottawa to whom the chief officials of the schools should be responsible. There being no education department to direct and control, the scheme must and has in fact fallen far short of expectations. Under such conditions, it can hardly be expected there can be a uniformity which is most essential, especially in an educational policy. Without it, there is that possibility of apathy and decay to creep into the system. If our national government does not pretend to exercise complete control and supervision, and cast aside the apparent dependence upon the church and other educational benefactors of the Indian, such as the New England Company, that has done yeoman work in this respect for so many years, it would be just as well to pull up stakes and quit the job.

The Indian child has been carried to school, at once alienating it from parental and home affection and ties. Under such circumstances, is it possible, I would ask, for him to be expected to learn what is taught when the mind must be burdened with loneliness and a desire to be home, perhaps constantly planing a means of stealing away at the first opportunity? This is not so serious as the fact that children are housed in a congested state that is often unsanitary and comfortless. These schools prove veritable death-traps for them, for they are, it is contended, peculiarly susceptible to the dreaded disease phthysis.

Speaking from knowledge and experience in one of such boarding schools in Ontario, I can frankly say that another serious evil is the false economy that is practised in denying the children a satisfactory measure of diet, and that in the midst of plenty produced on the farm and garden by the labor of the boys. I recall the times when working in the fields I was actually too hungry to be able to walk, let alone work. When parents visited the child, invariably the first question was, Did you bring anything to eat? In winter the rooms and beds were so cold that it took half the night before I got warm enough to fall asleep. What chance of life has a child under such conditions? When these conditions at the boarding schools and institutes become known to the parents it is no wonder they hesitate to send their children back after a vacation. If a child is forced to return, the chances are he will in time make good his escape, and perhaps not return to the home. In such a case, it is not going far from the mark to say that schooling with him becomes extremely distasteful.

In the most recent public report of the Indian schools in the West, it is to be noted that there are verifications of conditions in these mission and boarding schools similar to that made by Dr. Bryce, the Dominion Health Inspector, after his visit of inspection in that region last year. His report was to the effect that the schools were in many cases unsanitary, and that the children were subjects of tuberculosis.

What shall be the remedy? I am heartily in sympathy with the new policy of the United States Indian Commissioner to do away with the institutes and boarding schools in that country by degrees and replace them by the spread of the day school. This is a policy of carrying education to the Indian instead of carrying him to it.

An Ontario Colonizer.

THE St. Thomas Times, in speaking of "The Talbot Papers," by James H. Coyne, of St. Thomas, says:

It is a scholarly and carefully prepared work, an invaluable contribution to the historical literature of Canada, and particularly interesting to Western Ontario, in which Col. Talbot established his famous settlement. The concluding chapter of the preface is a succinct summing up of the character of Col. Talbot, and is perhaps the most truthful and just commentary upon the merits and failings of the eccentric man who figured so largely in the colonization of two of the most fertile townships in Western Ontario. The concluding chapter is as follows:

The keynote of Talbot's character will be found in his pride of birth, his military and court training, his domineering temperament, his isolation, and his desire to accumulate a great landed estate. His virtues, common to all settlers, were unflinching loyalty and the welcome of the open door. To religious, political and moral reform he was blindly opposed or contemptuously indifferent. He lacked initiative; his schemes of settlement and road-building were borrowed. His merit was that he alone exacted a strict performance of settlement duties. His signal demerit was that he ignored his own moral and civic duty to the townships, for whose isolation he was alone responsible. They found in Henry Coyne, an Irishman from Belfast, who settled in Dunwich in 1817, a sympathizing friend and champion. Under his and his son's leadership, public sentiment was aroused, reforms and municipal improvements effected, wild lands subjected to taxation, and the Colonel forced to lease portions to meet the assessment, relieving to some extent the intolerable burden on the settlers. Talbot never forgave, nor did the settlers. The mention of his name to-day flushes the cheek of their descendants with anger. Who can blame them? "Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu?"

Miss Stella Josephine Feiler, of Harris County, Texas, has recently received a large fee for the use of what is accepted as a remarkable power by which she locates oil and minerals. The $150,000 was paid by ten land owners upon whose property two productive wells were struck after Miss Feiler had located oil not far from the Humble field. Miss Feiler, it is said, has accumulated a fund of over $500,000 and is erecting an orphan asylum in Beaumont with the money she received from locating oil and sulphur lands.

Mayor Oliver addressing the players at the Island before the match. Manager Querrie of the Indians is on the Mayor's left.

OPENING OF THE LACROSSE SEASON IN TORONTO.

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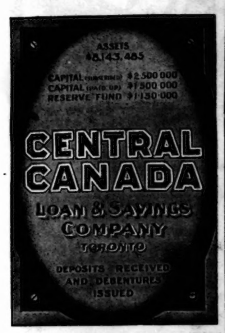

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THE INVESTOR

TORONTO **MONTREAL**

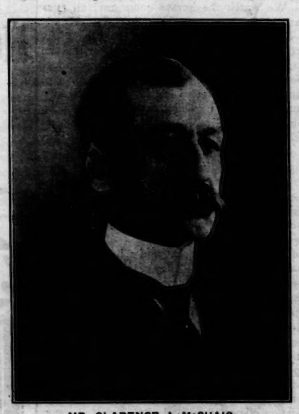
MONTREAL, JUNE 10, 1909.

THIS spring the tulips did not make their usual gay show on the Jesse Joseph property on the corner of the McGill campus, on Sherbrooke street, but that does not prevent the old place receiving more attention than ever from the public. The old mansion has been discussed in every issue of the newspapers for about a week past. Statements have been made to the effect that it has changed hands, having been purchased by a syndicate of Montrealers on behalf of Ritz Hotel interests which are desirous of invading the Montreal field. These statements have been denied in part and in whole, and assertions of their truth have again been made. The latest report is that the Joseph estate executors state they have sold the property and that the Hon. L. G. Guest was prominently concerned in the deal—which has apparently been concluded.

⁂

Hon. L. G. Guest.

If the Hon. L. G. Guest had wanted to make himself disliked in Montreal, he certainly hit upon a happy plan. The Joseph property has been regarded, more or less, as McGill's due—that is, McGill expected to own it some day, and it looks on the map as though it ought to belong to McGill. Whether or not the Hon. Mr. Guest is serious when he says that the plans for the hotel are being prepared, is difficult to say. Nothing could be more objectionable to McGill than the purchase of the corner in question—unless it were the erection on that corner of an hotel. Both these events, it would seem, are to take place. Of course, this may be Mr. Guest's method of urging the financial interests behind the University to find enough money to give him a good profit on the deal and to lose no time about it. Who can tell? He may find, however, that he will not be accommodated. Sir William Macdonald seems to be the man to whom the outraged faculty of McGill is looking to meet the situation, and he is the last man in the world to be stampeded by methods of that kind. If there are other ways open, he will probably find them. An hotel in the place mentioned, would surely not be agreeable to Sir Geo. A. Drummond, whose residence is just across the street, and it would probably be objectionable to practically every other resident in the community. So far as McGill is concerned, it would certainly be considered that the presence of the hotel would be an enormous disadvantage. Under the circumstances, it would surely not be a difficult thing to put a spike in the scheme about the time the building permit is being applied for. There might then be some difficulty in disposing of the property, for it is just a little doubtful if anyone would be anxious to purchase it in view of the sentiment that it should belong to McGill.



MR. CLARENCE J. McCUAIG.
Mr. McCuaig's firm was one of two that put "Asbestos" on the market and made it an active stock.

⁂

Joseph a Power.

Jesse Joseph, with recollections of whom this corner has now long been associated, was a power in his day, and even yet many of the older financiers refer to him as possessing a most acute sense of business. Beneath the roof of the fine old house which, in any event, is bound to shortly disappear, has been hatched out and discussed many a plot which resulted in some of the largest financial companies of that day, and which have since become a part of the largest consolidations of the present day. The Montreal Light, Heat and Power Co. is largely the outcome of the Gas Company with which Mr. Joseph took such a prominent part. The gross earnings of the Power Co., as explained at the annual meeting last week, exceeded four millions during the past year, and no doubt, Mr. Joseph's estate is to this day enjoying the benefits of his far-sightedness. The Montreal Telegraph Co., in the formation of which he was concerned, is now a part of the Great North Western System, and the Montreal Street Railway, as well as the Banque Nationale, early felt his guiding hand. Even in the purchase of the property under discussion, the keen financier showed his judgment. Curiously enough, the property had belonged to McGill before it did to Mr. Joseph. It was at that time a field. The authorities of McGill were not then so desirous of possessing it as they now are, for it is stated they parted with it for about one three-hundredth of what they would give to get it back. This is an excellent opportunity for the moralizer to get in that wise remark about hindsight being more accurate than foresight.

⁂

The Asbestos Deal.

From all that can be heard, something went wrong with the stock market end of the Asbestos deal last week. The kick from the insiders, however, is not that the market is too low, but that it is too high. The common stock began selling in the Unlisted Department here about the last of May at 15. From this it rapidly jumped to 20. Then it worked its way point after point till 30 was reached. The next day it was 35, and before the movement was over it made 38. It is now down a few points, but bids fair to hold its price fairly well for a time, at any rate. It would seem that it was no part of the plan of the insiders to whoop the market up in this manner, and it would be extremely interesting to know to what the strength was due. The placing of the stock on the market was undertaken by Clarence McCuaig and George Smithers of Burnett & Co., and they certainly did send it up in the Zeppelin. As a matter of fact, however, it was not intended that the stock should make such a high figure for the moment. Possibly, a statement that it was earning all sorts of dividends, while still in its infancy, and that a dividend would be declared this year, which appeared in a newspaper, may have had something to do with the boom, but, if so, its denial by all the papers, by authority of Clarence McCuaig, did not have the effect of putting the price down again. Under the circumstances, it looks as though the public had come in and taken the stock out of the hands of those who were making a market for it. This occurrence, so devoutly prayed for under ordinary circumstances, seems not to have been designed or even desired by some of the inside circle, and occasioned a request for explanations, it is said. If so it is certainly an exceptional occurrence.

⁂

TORONTO, JUNE 10.

THE general run of securities have been very strong the past week. The demand for gilt-edged issues seems to have slackened some owing no doubt to the comparatively smaller returns on capital invested as compared with a year ago, but there is a preference shown for the more speculative securities. The revival of business in the iron and steel industries, with a greatly improved outlook, has led to good buying of this particular class, and in fact all issues of industrial corporations have become favorites on the stock exchanges. Many of the industrials have reached the highest prices on record, while others have sold at the maximum prices of recent years. The slacking up in business in 1907, as far as Canada is concerned, has not resulted so disastrously as many had expected. In but very few instances have the shareholders of manufacturing concerns suffered. Dividends generally were not reduced, and already some of these corporations are considering the advisability of making larger disbursements to their shareholders. The same may be said of our traction and navigation companies, all of which are earning big money. So are our land and loan companies, which are paying larger dividends today than for many years. The increased earnings of the latter class of securities are, of course, due chiefly to the great development in the western provinces of the Dominion. On the other hand, the business of the mortgage companies in this province is steadily becoming smaller as far as loans on farm lands are concerned, but the activity in city real estate is a considerable source of profit to several of the companies. The rate of interest on choice properties is down to 5 per cent., which is fully one per cent. lower than a year ago.

⁂

Will Rates Advance?

Rates of interest, it may be safely said, are now the lowest they will be for at least some time to come. A firmer money market is not improbable within a short time. But the surpluses of our banks are so large that even a pretty stiff demand for money will not put up the rate very much. Even during the crop-moving season, there ought to be sufficient funds left over for a conservative speculation in securities. One thing, however, that should not be forgotten is that owing to the higher prices of securities, as well as of farm products, a larger amount of money is necessary to carry on a similar volume of business. The higher level of values is making imperative fresh inroads into the money market. If higher prices are to rule, it will be a sufficient reason to account for any increase in rates that may occur. An improvement may be expected in values of securities along with the mid-year disbursements of dividends and interests, which will be very heavy. Conditions, however, are not ideal for inordinate reinvestment, since it is hoped that more money will be needed for business purposes later in the year, yet the extremely low rates for money tend to render the yield on stocks and bonds highly attractive.

⁂

Bond Sales.

The municipal bond issues in Canada for the month of May were the heaviest of the year. They reached $5,185,534, as against $4,883,802 in January, which was the record month. The total for the five months of 1909 is $19,785,-251. According to a compilation by The Monteary Times, the sales of Ontario issues were $2,668,898 in May, whereas British Columbia comes next with $1,414,000, Alberta furnishes $659,882, Manitoba $195,900, Saskatchewan $181,850, Nova Scotia $50,004, and New Brunswick, $15,-000.

In the United States the municipal bond issues during May amounted to $24,550,295, as compared with $25,280,-431 for the corresponding month of last year. The five months' total is $141,398,116, against $137,476,515 for the corresponding period of 1908. The general situation in the municipal market has remained practically unchanged. Four per cent. issues continue to be sold on a basis of from 3¾ to 3.95 per cent., indicating that cities of the first-class are financing their requirements for public improvements, etc., more cheaply than for a number of years.

⁂

Smaller Reserves.

The Bank of England's recent statements were, to say the least, unfavorable, and although this institution continues to secure the weekly consignments of gold from South Africa, yet discounts have slightly advanced. Nine weeks ago the bank reported the largest amount of gold held in its vaults at any time since September, 1896, having absorbed $52,695,000 in the three months that had elapsed since the opening of the year. Last week it showed a loss of $22,043,000 gold since the high record was established, and for the first time since March 20, its gold holdings had ceased to be the largest of any corresponding date since 1896. Compared with a year ago, they were $4,480,-000 less; compared with four years ago, they were down $2,920,000. But the poorer showing of gold reserves was

HON. WM. GIBSON, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-President and General Manager.

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Reserve Fund - - - 2,500,000
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DIVIDEND NOTICE NO. 5

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By order of the Board.

R. CAMPBELL,
General Manager.

Winnipeg, 27th May, 1909.

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Record for 1908

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Capital Paid-up	5,000,000
Rest	5,000,000

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His Majesty The Emperor of Austria.
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"Nobody realizes the immensity of space." "Except the man who has to fill a daily half-column with alleged humor."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

not the only mark of a somewhat changed position. The loans were reported to have increased $14,485,000 in the past two weeks, reaching the highest figure at the opening of June of any year in the bank's history, the increase over 1908 being $20,850,000. The result of both these movements was the cutting down of the bank's ratio of reserve to liabilities in two weeks from 49½ to 45⅝ per cent., the lowest at which it has entered June in ten years past, with the single exception of 1906. It was 50⅝ per cent. not many weeks ago.

***

Borrowing in view.

New flotations of securities in London by Canadian companies are talked of, and bankers expect they will reach more than $60,000,000 during the present fiscal year. The estimate of course, is apart from the Dominion Government loan of $50,000,000, which calls Finance Minister Fielding to London. It is thought that municipal requirements alone will come close to $15,000,000. The Lake Superior Corporation is in the market for $5,000,000; the Mackenzie & Mann Syndicate wants over $5,000,000; the Montreal harbor willl raise $5,000 000 for a dry dock project, while the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company, the Dominion Iron & Steel Company, and many other Canadian concerns are raising new capital.

***

Banks.

A big advance took place this week in Bank of Commerce stock, which sold up to 184¼, the highest price since 1906, when this issue sold at 190¼. The earnings of the bank would seem to justify an increase in the dividend, and a report was in circulation this week that the next distribution would be at the rate of 9 per cent. per annum. Bank shares generally have recently been very quiet, selling at prices which yield 4¾ to 5¼ per cent. on the investment. They are being quietly absorbed, with the floating supply gradually decreasing. Signs are not lacking of improving business, and a better demand for money is likely at an early date. These institutions are in good shape to handle big harvests and five increased accommodation to the manufacturers and merchants. As an indication of the situation, it may be said that at the end of 1907 Canadian banks had out in current loans and discounts no less than 66.2 per cent. of their total assets, or putting it in another way, 81.6 per cent. of their combined circulation and deposits. Last year, however, the ratio of current loans to assets had dropped to 57.4 per cent.

***

Mining Exchange.

A correspondent corrects us in the statement made in these columns, a week ago, that Montreal was the only stock exchange open in Canada on May 29th and May 31st last, these being holidays in England and in the United States. We must apologize in overlooking the Standard Stock and Mining Exchange, which was open on both days. This Exchange is working up a large speculative business, the dealings now being in the neighborhood of 1,000,000 shares a week. This Exchange is increasing in popularity, and will continue to do so as long as the Cobalt and other camps hold out, for which, at present, there is no reason to think otherwise. The Cobalt Mining camp opened up in 1904, and the production there, after five years, is the largest on record. So far this region has produced ore to the value of $22,172,250, and it estimated that the amount this year will be $16,000,000. One-tenth of the world's output of silver is taken from this camp.

THE KING'S DERBY

By CAPT. SCOTT HARDEN

"WE have just come back from Epsom."

A group of Canadians were standing in the hall of the Savoy Hotel looking immensely pleased with themselves.

"We have had the time of our lives," said one. "It was just splendid to see the people and to hear the cheers."

"We motored down and reached the course about noon determined to get a good place on 'The Hill.' At the dip a dozen cars stood helpless. The mud was awful—a perfect sea of slush—good old English Epsom slush. How we ever got up the hill I don't know. The car in front of us was hauled up by two horses. We requisitioned a pony and with dray ropes hitched them on to our car, then with wheels skidding and going round and round flicking the mud in the faces of the crowd we were drawn up. All round us were booths, cocoanut shies, men selling buns, ginger and apples, old women in tartan shawls with babies, a clown and a minstrel, bookies and bobbies everywhere. A mounted policeman made the crowd stand back as we ascended, and saw us safely into a place between two drays. Then someone shouted for lunch, and the basket was produced. Round came the fiddlers, and costers, asking for drinks or a bob, or the offering of a tip for sixpence. But we wanted no tips. We have come to see the Derby and to back the King's Horse.

"The stands are filling. The grand stand looks like a seething mass of moving black. Nothing but umbrellas," said someone.

As the rain came down we looked through our glasses. One would have thought that human beings would have their ardour damped as well as their feet. But not a bit, everyone was happy. A friend of mine said Derby day is not what it used to be. The car of destiny has changed its face, and "The Rond" is so different. It may be so, but where have all these people come from? How did they get here? Surely there never was such a crowd ; why there is scarcely a patch of green to be seen on the lawn. Then the numbers go up for the first race. Coaches and cabs and taxis are still arriving. No one seems to care much who wins the first race. Like the *lever de rideau* before the play, many people miss it, or are lunching. Anyhow the numbers go up, and the two rows of policemen clear off the mob from the course. Without a murmur they go. The policeman sweep the crowd just as a wave sweeps the shore. We are still lunching like every one round us.

It is 1 p.m. A man stands at the top of the Royal stand. He is unfurling a flag. We can see a dash of yellow in it. A few minutes later the Royal Standard goes up and is fluttering in the breeze near the Union Jack over the stand. The King and Queen have arrived. The second race is run. Then comes the Derby.

It is 2.30. We watch the horses come out; all eyes are looking at the leader of the parade. The King's horse leads. No one cares much about the others except Sir Martin and Louviers and Bayando with the striking colors worn by the jockey, and the big animal looks well too. Beside us are some French people. Tney have come from Paris to back Louviers. Nearby are some Americans, on a coach labeled "London to Brighton" They are on Sir Martin, "you bet."

The horses turn round and canter.

"Three to one to the field," shouts a bookie. We take him in sovereigns, twice. Minom in Japanese means success, and the King's horse has drawn the inside place. A good omen. He surely will win. The horses go to the post and are lost to view. Still the bookies shout and the booths do business, but only for a few minutes. There's a hush. The white flag falls.

"They're off," shouted somebody, and a hundred thousand people take up the cry. "They're off." We look towards Tottenham corner. They are coming round, all in a bunch, with a riderless horse. It is Sir Martin galloping alone. The Americans look glum; their hopes are gone. Now the horses have entered the straight. Down they come. The King wins—the King—what a scene! What shouts, screams, yells, as the horses near the winning post! What madness of enthusiasm!

"Minom wins," is the great shout.

They are racing for life. Louviers up, coming up. So near, too near. Then one mad, full throated roar, lasting who shall say how long?

There are positively tears of pleasure in many eyes. But the shouting increases as the King is seen with hat off bowing to the crowd. Even the police cannot hold them back. Yet, all the time, there is good humor.

The King comes down to lead in his horse. The cheers are almost doubled, and then (if only some of the socialists could be here to-day!) there is one great cheer and "God Save the King"; everyone sings, even the losers. "The King—the King—God bless him."

But there is more in this than the Derby—the great big national holiday. There is the proof of loyalty—the sounds of the voices of the people of England and of the Empire.

London, May 26, 1909.

A Frenchman has bequeathed his fortune for masses for the souls of people killed by automobiles, which leads the New York Evening Post to remark: "We knew that getting into a chauffeur's way was a crime; we did not know it was a sin."

How the dickens do we get these stories about the Roosevelt heroism? We thought newspaper correspondents and other interlopers were to be barred.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Prime Minister Clemenceau, by his course in the labor troubles that have distracted France, has added to his reputation as the shrewdest and strongest statesman the Third Republic has produced.

THE WEST THAT IS WOOLLY

The group in the accompanying picture might be thought to be a masquerading party, but it isn't. It is a slice of western life that is being displayed in London, England, at the Golden West Exhibition, for the instruction and emulation of effete Londoners. And of course the public, including the newspaper critics, have been charmed by the intense realism of the exhibition and its absolute fidelity to nature. They know that it is true, because have they not seen this very thing on the stage and in the pictures of Frederick Remington, not forgetting the veracious works of Diamond Dick? They have learned that a cowboy is a person who talks with a drawl punctuated by lead, and who looks like a cross between a musk-ox and a stevedore. Therefore the present display fits in perfectly with their ideas of the wild and woolly. If they were shown the average western cow-puncher, who does not wear woolly "shaps" at all and plain leather ones very seldom, who is apt to be carrying a hammer and a bag of staples to mend fence instead of a lariat, and who is even known to go about his business without a huge .44 Colt, they would very naturally and properly feel aggrieved. So far as western life is concerned, times may come and times may go, but the good old woolly traditions live on forever.

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MINERAL WATER

Nature's own way of cleansing the body is most simple. She provides a pure and wholesome Mineral Water as a laxative and health tonic. Keep yourself in healthy condition by drinking half a glass on arising in the morning.

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Is based upon nature's own principles. Oxygen is nature's great beautifier—purifier. The oxygen and antiseptic properties in Sanitol Face Cream act with marvelous results on the skin, neutralizing all impurities and restoring the beauty nature intended it to have.

Sanitol Face Cream is a perfect cleanser—soothing—refreshing and absolutely pure. It contains no grease and can be used at any time, for it is instantly absorbed into the pores and will not soil the daintiest fabric or the finest gloves. Pure white.

Delicately scented, agreeable and effective. Positively will not promote the growth of hair.

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They never stretch out of shape and never lose their springiness. For solid comfort, luxurious sleep, you will find no other bed so lastingly satisfactory. The patent interlacing steel wires gives the wonderful strength and resilience to this bed. This spring combined with our celebrated GOLD MEDAL FELT MATTRESS, makes an ideal combination—fit for a King and at a moderate price.

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Every Chocolate is wrapped, and on each wrapper is printed the flavor of the cream.

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CALVERT'S Carbolic Toilet Soap.

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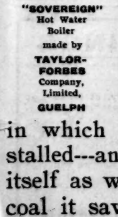

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LONDON LETTER

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

London, June 1, 1909.

NEXT to the beautiful weather one of the popular subjects for discussion during the past few days has been the action of Mrs. Asquith, wife of the Prime Minister, in allowing the official residence to be used for a display of French dresses which, of course, come into this country—thanks to Free Trade—free of duty. Without wishing to pry into the purely personal affairs of the Asquiths, one wonders what the Prime Minister and Mrs. Asquith are thinking just now. Are they above being moved by the storm which this "purely private affair" has raised? For Mrs. Asquith explained that the party to which she invited a number of fashionable women was held in the private and not the official part of the house. ("It is so likely," said one indignant Tariff Reform dame, "that they held it in his office!") Are they secure in a sense of having done nothing to deserve such criticism, or are they secretly raging? One wonders if Prime Ministers, who after all are only men, ever condescend to say: "Now see what you have done! This is all your fault!"

One of the weeklies made a hit in calling the official residence No. 10 "Gowning Street," and it seems likely that the name will stick. The same paper humorously denies that there is any truth in the rumor that a certain well-known *danseuse* is to be married to M. Trois Etoiles from the residence of the Prime Minister. This reference is, of course, to Maud Allan, the Toronto girl, who was made much of by the Asquiths, and it is said was taken in to dinner by one of the foreign ambassadors. The general public took this more to heart than the ambassador did, and there was a good deal of comment on the fuss the Asquiths made over the dancer, who, by the way, is personally a very nice, refined girl. Mrs. Asquith has always been considered original, and as Miss Margot Tennant was quoted and admired to any extent. Still in the face of unemployment, and low wages, the result of foreign manufacturers being dumped into the country, it was a bit too original to have a tea-party of the nature referred to. Unfortunately the general public can't quite see it in the same light as Mrs. Asquith does.

* * *

EMPIRE DAY was celebrated in the Old Country in a manner in which it had never been kept before. Of course, though for years Canadians have regarded it as a great day, it took the heart of the Empire a long time to see the great value of such celebrations. It is the people who live outside of the British Isles to whom the idea of Empire seems to appeal most. No one can wonder after living in England that the average person does not have the same feeling as the one who hails from the bush or the "far flung prairie" or some of those isles so little and seas so lone of which Kipling speaks, when he adds that "over the scud and the palm-trees an English flag was flown." The actual Englishman is spoiled in a way, for he has the best of everything. He has the Abbey and the Tower; the royal palaces and the person of his much-loved Sovereign; the best sportsmen in the world, and all the big events; the great heroes of the Empire, naval and military, and the very flower of the British race, whether renowned for beauty, brains, breeding or anything else, at his very doors. No wonder the insular Englishman—and remember he is a type, but it is most unjust to consider that he represents the English people—can't understand the feeling for the whole Empire that the people of the King's over-sea Dominions have.

It may be an exaggeration to say so, but it seems as if Empire Day had this year taught a great many people more than they ever realized before about the British Empire. The march and review of the youngsters was a splendid sight, and the thought of what it represented was brought home to the least imaginative. Ten thousand boys and girls marched to Hyde Park, on a glorious day, where they were seen by a quarter of a million spectators.

It must have done men like good old "Bobs," Baden-Powell, and Lord Meath, who borrowed the Empire Day from Canada, and never stopped till he got it rooted in England, good to see those small scouts, and navy cadets, those little chaps from the schools and orphanages, sturdily marching, saluting the flag, showing how the Mother Country visits the Colonies and the Colonies the Mother Land, and finally singing "God Save the King" to the accompaniment of the crashing of bands. It was a splendidly managed affair, and the details were instructive. For example every single part of the Empire was represented. Scouts carried, or rather bore around their necks, cards bearing the name of the colony or dependency represented, with its population, and the date of its founding. The League of the Empire, which was mainly responsible for the great turn-out is to be congratulated. And all the time the flag-staffs of the Government offices were bare; no Union Jacks flapped in the breeze to testify to British spirit. The present Government does not recognize Empire Day.

* * *

ALL the anniversaries which take place here from time to time have some interesting history. For example a few days ago King Edward received the Gentleman-at-Arms on the occasion of their four hundredth anniversary. This body was formed in the time of Henry VIII., and was composed of the cadets of noble families. In those days the "Gentlemen" were most extravagantly equipped, but nowadays they are not clothed in cloth of gold, but wear a more modest uniform and cocked hats with white plumes. In Elizabeth's time the corps was a great feature, and though Cromwell dissolved it, later on it was re-embodied.

At the present day the corps consists of forty gentlemen-at-arms on full pay and four on half pay; a captain who must be a peer, Lord Denman being the present one; a lieutenant who must have been a colonel in the army; and a standard bearer and an adjutant who must have been a lieutenant-colonel. All the private gentlemen must have been at some time majors or captains in the army or royal marines. Before he can join the corps an officer must have been decorated for active service. The Gentlemen-at-Arms attend the King at Court and at Levees, and when he goes to the House of Peers to open Parliament. On the day the King receives his Bodyguard there could have been seen many heroes among them. One of these was Captain Towse, who was blinded while winning the V.C.

M. E. MacL. M.

Pointers for Airship Travel.

GERMAN ingenuity has lost no time in devising special equipments for airship passengers. One offering (says the London correspondent of The New York Sun) is an extremely light airship travelling trunk made of aluminum, with cunning leather attachments for fastening to the airship car. The "malle-aero," to give it its international name, has no compartment for the large, fashionable feminine hat, but it contains with other things a small medicine chest filled with medicaments that may be useful for a sojourn in high altitudes.

Evidently the inventors have considered the inexperience of greenhorns in airship travelling. For their benefit and guidance the following aerial ten commandments are printed on the lid.

1. Do not fear accidents; the airship is safe enough and cannot, like a train, run off the rails.
2. Keep calm; do not fidget or throw your arms and legs about in your excitement.
3. Do not smoke.
4. Do not light matches.
5. Do not make a nuisance of yourself by making commonplace remarks about the advance of modern science. Everybody knows it is advancing.
6. Be sensible about your equipment.
7. Do not take useless baggage; the necessary things are heavy enough.
8. Wear sensible garments. It is cold high up in the air.
9. Do not grumble because there is no dining car on the airship.
10. Do not despise ordinary land travellers. It was not you who invented airships.

On the River Seine.

WE have heard almost too much of the streets of Paris, and not enough of that street most distinctive of all—the River Seine (declares Warren Barton Blake, in Scribner's Magazine). Flowing through the city for six miles, it is a highway, with its bateaux mouches, its bridges and quays. Of a dark night, the Seine may seem to lugubrious fancy the symbol of death in the city's life abounding; murky death and inky crime, oozy and silent wickedness. Yet normally, even perhaps to suicides, the Seine is but a mirror of a city's mood. There are lights everywhere—lights lengthened in the water; the Louvre and the Conciergerie, shown in the stream, are things fairer than their originals. It is better to look upon the eddying reflections of the bridges here than to stand in the Place de la Concorde, bright with its orange lamps in honor of an auto show; the lights on the Seine and its images are more alluring, more innately of Fairyland and Paris, than the gilded boulevards. Nor is it only in the moonlight that the Seine has charms. The holiday sculler finds it a paradise for miles above the city; and there are ever such fishermen as Maupassant's Renard. Line-fishing is more than a mild sport at Paris; even to watch its devotees seems to amuse your true Parisian. A legend tells us that in the Commune days, when the Hotel de Ville was fired on and a dark page written in the city's history, the Seine fishermen pursued their pastime imperturbable. And the tale seems likely enough as the saunterer watches the fisher-folk, whose leisure may be envied more than their occupation; and who are found not on the city quays alone, but in the banlieue, where the Seine's green bank is dabbed with villages in brown and red and gray and where one stops to watch the peasants bathe their horses in the stream itself, rubbing them down soon afterward by the river's brink. Within the city, there are the men who clip poodles on the quays, and, higher, book and picture stalls with their merchants and shifting groups of bargain hunters—the Odeon arcade for new books, the riverside for old.

Nearly every nation under the sun is to-day paying golden tribute to France. She has an army of creditors, but no debtors. About two score governments have to remit interest money to her. The interest and dividends on the capital for her small investors represent earnings in all parts of the world. The road to Paris becomes, therefore, the route of least resistance for the floating gold supplies. Paris is absorbing into her banks from 35 to 40 per cent. of the metal freshly taken from the mines.

CANADIAN BOY SHOTS IN LONDON.

Two crack boy shots from Canada have arrived in London to take part in the shooting for the Princess of Wales' gold medal. The boys are Cadet Sergeant Haggerty and Cadet Flood, and although the former is only fifteen years old and the latter fourteen, they have won the right to represent the boy shots of Canada up to eighteen years of age.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE Galt Horse Show, like the Jockey Club May meeting, was favored with ideal weather, and achieved a great success. The attendance was excellent, the horses high-class, and the feature of each programme, the musical ride, by the Royal Canadian Dragoons, delighted the entire community. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cox went down for the Show, Mrs. Cox driving her winners in her best manner. The Coxes motored home early in the week. A marquee on the hill was devoted by the Daughters of the Empire to the five o'clock tea-making enterprise, and it was thronged. The situation of Dickson Park, the site of the Open Air Horse Show, is an ideal one—a natural amphitheatre, green terraces and the river flowing nearby, combine to make it a pretty scene. After all, a horse show is only at its best in the open, the fresh turf and the fresh air put new ginger into the "gees," and by way of an extra, last Friday, when I was there to enjoy it, a shower on the far side of the river gave us a magnificent rainbow about five. The directorate are all that is courteous to the visitor, and quite a number of Torontonians were taking tea during the afternoon and greeting Galt friends. Colonel and Miss Biscoe, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Plumb and Miss Dickson, Mrs. A. S. Hardy, Miss Merritt, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Mr. F. Starr Jarvis, Mrs. R. McCulloch (*nee* Leslie), Mrs. Hugh McCulloch, were a few who patronized the tea marquee. The Galt Kiltie band played a good programme, and the green and yellow decorations were very smart and effective.

The marriage of Miss Mary Wendell Balfour, whose friends know her better as "Mollie," and Mr. Norman Hamilton Greer Ruthven, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. S. Ruthven, and at present an official of the Bank of Commerce at Guelph, took place in St. Basil's church, on Wednesday, at ten o'clock, in the presence of a small party of guests. The bride was brought in by her brother, Mr. J. P. Balfour, of Amherstburg, and wore a dainty Limerick lace gown, with hem of statin, and tulle veil and little tiara of white flowers, very becoming to her bright little face. Her boquet was of bride roses and lily of the valley. One bridesmaid attended the bride, a younger sister, Miss Eleanor, in a white frock and white hat with pink roses, and carrying pink roses. Mr. John Hall, of Paris, Ont., was best man, and the brothers of the bride, Messrs. W. Douglas Balfour and D. A. Balfour were ushers. During the celebration of High Mass, Mr. Brazil sang a beautiful solo, and the organist played most artistically during the service. After the wedding the guests motored and drove to 115 Cottingham street, the home of Mrs. Balfour, where a reception and dejeuner were in progress until the happy pair left at one o'clock for their bridal trip. Mr. and Mrs. Ruthven received in the drawing-room, which was prettily decorated with pink and white flowers and garlands of smilax, and the dejeuner was served in the dining-room from a buffet set, and decorated with white and pink, lilies, roses and carnations, and centred by a huge wedding cake crowned with flowers. A bevy of bright girl friends assisted in looking after everyone, and the occasion was particularly happy and *sans ceremonie*, as many of the guests were very old friends of the Balfour family before they left their old home in Amherstburg. About one o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Ruthven left for Chicago, where they will visit relatives, and later will reside in Guelph. A very nice collection of bridal gifts was arranged in an upper-room, some mahogany furniture, her handsome cabinets filled with presents, a dainty collection of brass articles, pictures and china, crystal, and exquisite fancy work, and several substantial cheques being included. The bride wore a white cloth travelling suit on leaving, with trimmings of deep green. Some of the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Ruthven, Mrs. McMurrich, Mrs. Phillip Toller, Miss McMurrich, Mrs. and Miss Headley, Mrs. Gooderham, of Deancroft and her mother, formerly of Amhertsburg; Miss Salter, Miss Stuart, the Misses Monahan and Miss Steers, of New York; Mr. and Miss Lovell, Miss Millman, Miss Clara Carson.

"LA PETITE MARQUISE."
The nickname of the Countess of Carnarvon, earned by her dainty personality. Before her marriage to the Earl in 1895 she was Miss Almina Wombwell, only daughter of Mrs. Frederick Wombwell.

Mrs. J. H. Pettit, Mrs. L. V. Rorke, son and nurse, are at the Hotel Sanita, Chatham Mineral Springs.

The marriage of Miss Grace Constance Baldwin, daughter of the late Mr. Robert Baldwin, and Mr. John Francis Lash, youngest son of Mr. Z. A. Lash, K.C., took place in St. James Cathedral last Saturday at half-past two o'clock. Rev. Mr. Barr, of Whitby, a brother-in-law of the bride, officiated, assisted by the rector, Canon Welch. The choir led the bride's procession singing the bridal hymn, and the ushers were Mr. Hugh Hoyles, Mr. J. Jarvis, Mr. A. Snively, and Mr. Bruce Macdonald. Mr. Schuyler Snively was best man. The bride was brought in by her brother, Mr. Frederick Baldwin, and wore a handsome bridal gown of white satin *en train*, with transparent yoke and sleeves sewn with pearls and a bertha of Brussels lace. The tulle veil was bordered with lace, and the wreath was of orange blossoms. The bridal boquet was of lily of the valley *en cascade*. A fascinating little flower-girl in white lace over turquoise silk, and wearing a quaint cottage straw bonnet with pink roses, accompanied by a dear little sailor boy in white, as page, Miss Marjorie Ormsby and Master Robert Barr, preceded the bride to the chancel, the small maid strewing rose-leaves from a rustic basket before the bride as she left the Cathedral after the ceremony. Miss May Hague was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss K. Hague and Miss Wanelle Miller, of St. Catharines. They wore pale blue satin with lace guimpe and sleeves, pale blue hats with lace frills and Beauty roses, and carried sheaves of the same flowers. Mrs. Barr, the bride's sister, received at the Fraternity house in Hoskin avenue, and hosts of friends offered very warm congratulations to the bride and groom. A dainty *dejeuner* was served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Lash left for their honeymoon, the bride wearing a *costume de voyage* of grey Rajah, and hat wreathed with roses. Among the scores of beautiful and valuable gifts received by the young people was a nice house in Grenville street from the father of the groom, and where they will take up residence on their return.

On Saturday evening Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright entertained at dinner in honor of Dr. William Osler.

Mr. and Mrs. Lally McCarthy will join the Toronto coterie summering on Kempenfelt Bay. They have taken the Harcourt Vernon's summer residence this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Rutter have taken possession of their suburban home at Scarboro Cliffs. It is to be known as Woodford, the name of Mr. Rutter's native place in England. As "the castle on the hill," this beautiful place is familiar to excursionists to Scarboro.

The marriage of Mr. Charles Rothwell Palmer and Miss Olive Irene Sheppard, youngest daughter of Mr. O. B. Sheppard, was celebrated in All Saints' church at half-past two on Wednesday, Rev. Walter J. Southam, Rev. Joseph Sheppard, a cousin of the bride, and Rev. J. Sparks officiating. The bride wore a gros grain robe with immense train, and a bodice almost covered with crystal beads and fringe. The veil, fastened with a Juliet cap of pearls and a divided wreath of orange blossoms, was of tulle; the boquet was of orchids, with a cascade of lily of the valley. Mr. Sheppard brought his daughter and gave her away. The church and altar were decorated with the flower of the week, white and purple lilac. The bride was attended by a bevy of five charming little girls as flower maidens, Eva Leadley, Erie and Irene Sheppard, Isabel Loudon, and Muriel Kennedy, who wore white dotted Swiss muslin, wreaths of pink and white roses, and carried baskets of roses, Eva Leadley having instead a Matteau crook tied with roses. Miss Kate Tough was maid of honor, and Miss Irene Phelan and Miss Rogers, of Peterboro, were bridesmaids, the former in lilac with Matteau crook, tied with mauve sweet peas. The maids in pink frocks and hats, and boquets of pink sweet peas. Six ushers, Messrs. Zimmerman, Doherty, King, Balfour, Sheppard and Dr. McWilliams, seated the hundreds of guests, and Mr. W. Burke was best man. After the ceremony, Mrs. Sheppard received the guests at 104 Pembroke street, and good wishes were offered to Mr. and Mrs. Palmer. There were beautiful decorations and a capital orchestra. After enjoying a dainty dejeuner and drinking the bride's health, the company bade *au revoir* to the pretty bride and the bridegroom, and they started on their honeymoon, Mrs. Palmer wearing a trim grey striped costume. They are to motor through the Eastern States to Montreal, and will reside in Beatty avenue, Parkdale, on their return. The gifts were unusually handsome and were greatly admired.

Mrs. Machray has taken a house, 1 Bedford road, and is setting her household goods in order therein. Miss Elaine Machray, who has been in Winnipeg, is now with her mother, and their Toronto friends are welcoming the pretty mother and daughter back with much pleasure.

Mrs. Dickson, of Renfrew, grandmother of the groom, was an honored guest at the Brophy-Pearson wedding last Saturday.

Mrs. Folingsby and her sister, Mrs. Driffield, will spend the summer at Centre Island, Mrs. Folingsby having taken Mr. R. Northcote's house for the season. Mr. and Mrs. Russell Skey and their little daughter will be with Mrs. Folingsby at her Island residence this summer.

Miss Margaret Anglin arrived on Saturday on a visit to her relatives, and spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Anglin at their home in Grosvenor street, going on Thursday to Judge and Mrs. Anglin in St. Joseph street. Miss Anglin's time has been fully taken up every day, everyone wishing to entertain her, teas, luncheons and dinners following in close succession. She is looking very well indeed, and enjoying the hearty welcome of her Toronto friends.

The Lord Mayor of Tunbridge Wells, England, and his wife were in Toronto last week, visiting relatives on the Island.

Captain Balfour came to town for his sister's wedding on Wednesday and looked very smart in his blue and silver uniform. He is with his men in camp.

The Girls' Friendly Society of St. John's, Norway, intend holding a bazaar and sale of work in the Parish House to-day, from three to ten o'clock, under the patronage of Mrs. Sweeny, Mrs. L. G. Wood, hon. president G.F.S.; Mrs. Ashcroft, president G.F.S.; and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie.

I hear a sad rumor that there are to be no fortnightly dances at the Yacht Club this summer. If this be true, one could almost wish the "anti-treats" had won out, but I hope it's not!

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"THE Lost Cabin Mine," by Frederick Niven, (Henry Frowde, publisher, Toronto; price, $1.25) is a rattling good story of western adventure. One of the characters is made to act as narrator. He is a good type of the educated young Scotchman, and he tells of how he meets Apache Kid in the mining town of Baker City, and of how he goes with him and his partner to discover the Lost Cabin Mine. Only two men know the location of the mine—Apache Kid and a bad character named Mike Canlan. The discoverers starved to death after "striking it rich," but one of their number reached civilization before collapsing, and breathed something of the secret. The two who know it watch each other closely, each suspecting that the other knows where the mine is, and fearing that he will slip away and find it. Apache Kid and his partner Donoghue finally do slip away, accompanied on their mission by Francis, the young Scotchman, to keep the other two from hating each other in the lonely mountains. Apache Kid is a distinctive figure among the other miners; a "deep man," as they call him, a man with a past. Francis observes that he sometimes makes an inclination such as is seen in old-world drawing-rooms, and on their arduous and exciting adventure he finds that Apache Kid's character is not without generous and indeed heroic qualities.

The three mine-hunters are pursued by a gang of desperadoes, headed by one Farrell, who purpose overpowering them and forcing Apache Kid to lead them to the mysterious claim, but a girl they have befriended on the way sends them warning, and they emerge successfully from a murderous encounter. Then they have to deal with Canlan, who also stalks them through the mountains. And to cap the climax the sheriff takes Apache Kid in charge just as they come on the mine and its wealth. But they reach Baker City with the gold and the Kid is given his liberty.

Mr. Niven is evidently a Stevenson devotee, and he certainly had "The Master of Ballantrae" in mind when he evolved the character of Apache Kid. The author has tried to invest his hero with the Master's inscrutability, dashing courage, and marvellous all-round competence; but he hasn't made him as devilish or as urbane—or, of course, as fascinating—as the Master. One scene, when Apache Kid unarmed offers to fight the villain Farrell, in whose power he is for the moment, recalls at once the dramatic picture of Ballantrae as, just before his death in the American forest, he seeks to goad the leader of his captors to a struggle. But Mr. Niven has not weakened his story by following to some degree a splendid model. "The Lost Cabin Mine" is one of the best tales of the year, of its kind—and the kind appeals to many healthy-minded readers.

JULIA WARD HOWE, the author who recently celebrated her ninetieth birthday at her home in Boston. She wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE, whose new novel, "Katrine," published by the Harpers, is being well received by the reading public.

* * *

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel "Marriage a la Mode," has just been published in Canada by the Musson Book Company, Toronto, and many good people will hasten, *a la mode*, to read it, or at least to secure a copy, feeling that the very presence of the book in one's home is a certain indication that the family is possessed of a fastidious taste in literature. It may be imagined, too, that in servants' quarters here and there the novel will be greatly relished; and that thousands of innocently curious folk, as well as thousands of bounders and climbers will eagerly peruse this story of the doings of people in high society. All of which is not astonishing, but rather amusing, to those who know that Mrs. Ward's novels are neither vital in theme nor highly artistic in workmanship.

Why have we not heard more of the truth about this writer's work from the reviewers? Probably because if the truth were told few people would profit by it. Those who enjoy or profess to enjoy any novel that bears the name of Mrs. Ward will not be greatly influenced by criticism. The truth about "Marriage a la Mode" is that it is a thin and quite disagreeable story, rather poorly told. The characters are mere wooden puppets. The reader is all the time conscious of Mrs. Ward as she pulls the strings, and aware that the author is conscious of her audience. Every page, too, bears the mark of a woman's writing—which is scarcely artistic. And, in addition to such feminine vagaries as extravagant and assertionless sentences, there are sentences which a schoolboy would find great difficulty in analyzing, if that old-fashioned exercise is still practised. For example: "Beatty had once been very ill with hers, at Philadelphia, mostly caused, however, by some beastly, indigestible food that the nurse had let her have." And Mrs. Ward has been careless in other respects. On one page we are introduced to "Archdeacon Mountford, his wife and sister." But before they leave the room the archdeacon's womenfolk become his "wife and daughter." Elsewhere we find a lady calling at a country house, twenty-five miles from her home, in "a motor" and leaving in "a carriage." Another thing that the experienced reader will find rather aggravating, is the fact that Mrs. Ward, having recently visited the United States and Canada, feels called upon to drag the characters in her story over practically the entire route of her own journey in America. Two of them are married off by Mrs. Ward solely, it seems, that they may be sent to Niagara Falls and so furnish a descriptive chapter.

The novel is meant to deal a blow at divorce in the United States. A handsome young Englishman—"an Apollo" of course—without his fair share of brains or character comes to America on the hunt for an heiress. He catches a tartar, although Mrs. Ward has been discreet enough to give the lady a South American parent to account for her nasty temperament—and to avoid undue offence to United States readers. The marriage goes to smash as anybody could foresee, and Mrs. Ward inveighs against conditions by which a wife may obtain a divorce in the United States, on trivial grounds, and leave her husband still bound, in English law, by his marriage vows. No doubt in many quarters "Marriage a la Mode" will be proclaimed "a striking human document" and things of that kind. But if it had been written by anyone but the high priestess of society literature it would be pretty generally voted an unpleasant and artificial story. One merit it has. It is short—less than 325 pages of large type—and those who read it from a sense of duty as members or would-be members of polite society can run through it easily between the afternoon tea hour and early dinner-time, or on two or three trips on the street car, while "going to business" of a morning.

* * *

Mr. F. Marion Crawford, it is said, once agreed to write for The London Sphere, a novel with Dante for its hero. "The Harvest of the Sword" was to have been its title. The letter which he wrote to Mr. C. K. Shorter explaining his failure to fulfill his promise testifies to his conscientious care in authorship:

"I can only say that it is in no sense my fault if I cannot give you the book after all at the time appointed, and that if I succeed in writing it you of course have the first claim to it for serial publication if you still wish to use it next year. I have worked at the manuscript unremittingly for months. I began it four times. I have done everything in my power to write it and have done no other work since August 1, and the result is so utterly unsatisfactory that after allowing the first three chapters to be sent to you I decided to cable and throw up the contract. It is the first time I have ever done such a thing, and I am driven to it by the great difficulties of the subject and not by any neglect. I decline to allow a book so imperfect to go before the public, while feeling that by renewed labor I may succeed in the end. That is my whole and only excuse. Make it public in any way you please, together with the great regret I feel at disappointing you."

* * *

Who wrote that book so fascinating to youthful readers, "The Swiss Family Robinson"? A correspondent of Notes and Queries settles the question. "The plan," he says, "of 'The Swiss Family Robinson' was conceived by Johann David Wyss, a Swiss, and military chaplain to the troops stationed at Berne. The outlines of the story were written out for the use of his four children, but never printed. One of his sons, Johann Rudolf Wyss (1781-1830), professor of philosophy at the Academy of Berne, placed the manuscript (with necessary alterations) in the hands of a printer, and the first edition was issued in German, at Zurich, in 1813. In 1824 the Baroness Isabelle de Montolieu translated the tale into French, with the permission of Herr Wyss, and wrote a continuation of the story. Originally it was very short, the arrival of a ship from Europe enabling the family to return to their own country after only about twelve years' stay in the island. This translation is the one upon which all the English versions of the tale are based."

* * *

Henry W. Lucy, in his "Sixty Years in the Wilderness," devotes a whole chapter to Sir Henry Irving, and repeats a story he heard from him about William G. Wills, a dramatist. As a boy of ten Wills was taken to see Edmund Kean in "Macbeth." The murder scene was too realistic for the boy, and he hurried from the box, seized by an attack of nausea. Ten years later he was lunching at a Fleet street chop house when a stranger sat down at his table and ordered a meal. Within a few minutes Wills was suddenly seized with a fit of nausea, an experience which had never been repeated since that visit to the theatre ten years before. Again he was forced to leave, and on paying his bill the waiter said to him, "Did you see that gentleman at the table near you? That's Edmund Kean."

* * *

The sale of rare first-editions of Swinburne's works, including several very little known books, realized rather small prices, contrary to expectation. The following were sold for sums which are likely to be greatly enhanced when next they are put up to auction: "Atalanta in Calydon," with autograph, 1865, $63; "Poems and Ballads," three series, 1866-78-89, $38; "Dead Love" (in original wrapper), $35; "Cleopatra" (in original wrapper), $24; "Under the Microscope," very scarce; an attack on Robert Buchanan and Alfred Austin, $34; "The Question," 1887, a poem whereof only twenty-five copies were printed, $29.

* * *

A stained glass window has been placed in St. Clement Danes church, London, as a memorial to Samuel Johnson. It is near the pew in which he used to sit, and in which we are given this glimpse of him by Boswell:

"His behavior was, as I had imaged to myself, solemnly devout; I never shall forget the tremulous earnestness with which he pronounced the awful petition in the Litany, "In the hour of death and in the day of judgment, good Lord deliver us.'"

* * *

According to The Bookman's list, the six works of fiction having the largest sale during the past month were: "54-40 or Fight," by Hough; "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," by Fox; Locke's "Septimus," Smith's "Peter," "The Man in Lower Ten," by Rinehart; and "Katrine," Elinor Macartney Lane's novel, published just before her death. Among the books other than fiction for which there has been a popular demand are "Religion and Medicine," by Worcester; and "Peace and Happiness," by Avebury.

* * *

Algernon Charles Swinburne left his entire fortune, valued at £24,282, to his friend, W. Theodore Watts-Dunton, the literary critic, with whom he made his home for many years. Of course, Swinburne did not accumulate this amount of property by writing poetry. Estates left by other poets who have died in recent years are: Lord Tennyson, £57,206; William Morris, £55,069; Frederick Lockyer Lampson, £30,419; Robert Browning, £18,775; Coventry Patmore, £8,777; Matthew Arnold, £1,040.

* * *

Madame Sarah Grand, who has not produced anything in the way of fiction for a good many years, is at work again. She is writing two novels at once—a good plan if the stories are dissimilar in atmosphere. She expects to finish one of them this year. W. J. Locke's new novel is well under way, but it has not yet been given a name. Frank Danby's next production will be called "The Blackmailers." Other forthcoming works of fiction are: "The Intruders," by Charles Marriott; and "Galatea in the Wheatfield," by Miss M. E. Francis.

HAL.

The Shadows.

THE spirit of Life I find
In the grass and the flowers of the meadows,
In the trees that sing to the wind,
But most of all in the shadows.

For the star-flowers fade from the heath
And the weeds and the grasses wither,
And their crumbling forms on the breath
Of the winds float hither and thither.

And the trees that tower in air
By the bolt and the blast are shattered,
And their trunks are riven and bare
And their branches and leaves are scattered.

But the shadows like palmers creep
O'er the plain to the misty border,
To the towers of Dream and Sleep
Where the Twilight stands as warder.

Ah! who shall tell of their flight
When the dusk descends on the meadow?
They are one with the soul of Night,
With the vast, the eternal Shadow!

—Robert Logan, in The Forum.

"WE always wondered a little how Amos Dore and his wife got along really," Aunt Em Macomber said frankly. "Some in the neighborhood said they'd never overheard a single loud or cross word on either side, but Lije Daniels always stuck to it that Amos was as mis'able at home as a man could be.

"He never spoke right out till Amos died and Mis' Dore went back up country to her folks. Then he let out."

"What?" queried Aunt Em's visitor.

"Well, Amos worked logging alongside of Lije every winter, and summers they hayed together most always, and it seems," said Aunt Em impressively, "that Amos complained of his shoes hurting him about all the time. Finally Lije asked why he wore tight shoes.

"'Why don't you get a pair big enough?' says Lije one day.

"'Well, I'll tell you,' Amos says, 'When I wear tight shoes I forget all my other troubles.'"

THE Transcript clerk of the day tells the story of "a very sinful wag" who was lunching with Dr. Abbott and referred repeatedly to his connection with Outing. At last Dr. Abbott could stand it no longer and protested:

"But, my dear sir, I am not the editor of Outing. I have never had anything to do with Outing. While I live I hope never to edit Outing. I am the editor of the Outlook."

"Why, bless me, so you are!" cried his vis-a-vis. "Funny I should have made that mistake. Really, couldn't have confused two periodicals more strikingly different. Whereas Outing makes a religion of sport, The Outlook——"

The self-respecting clerk refused to complete the antithesis.

"WELL," said Farmer Corntossel, "I've got to look after my tomatoes and string-beans and things."

"You don't expect to feed all your summer boarders out of that little garden, do you?" inquired the neighbor.

"Nope, I've put in my order for canned goods, as usual. That vegetable garden is just a decoy."

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At Temiskaming Lake—leave your frock coat and topper at home—Get your nerves restored by absolute relaxation and spend a delightful summer vacation. You may do all the roughing you like, and at the same time the "Bellevue" offers you most of the luxurious comforts of your own home.

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Niagara-on-the-Lake

OPENS JUNE 12.

Military Camp, June 16.

Annual Military Camp Ball, Thursday, June 24.

LAKE JOSEPH, MUSKOKA.

To Let—Cottages, fully furnished, seven rooms, six rooms, and twelve rooms and kitchens. Wood and ice with each. Steamboat wharf, sandy beach. John H. Wilson, Glenliffer Brae, Redwood P.O.

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Send for Booklet describing this nature lover's paradise. An ideal place to camp or build cottage. Wm. Cowan, Cecebe, Ontario.

An "Ideal" Outing

Rest, Recreation and Study

A limited party is now forming for July in the Adirondacks, at Mountain View Lake and Hotel, under Prof. J. P. Stephen, of Montreal.

Pleasure and Profit at low cost. Of special interest to Teachers, Students and Clergymen!

Send for free illustrated Booklet. Address Secretary, 18 McGill College Ave., Montreal.

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New management for season 1909. Beautifully situated, overlooking Rice Lake. Quiet and Homelike, excellent service, good fishing and boating. For further particulars address "Lilac Lodge," Gores Landing, Ontario.

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"VIAMEDE," Stoney Lake, rebuilt in modern style and newly furnished throughout. The finest family resort on the Kawartha Lakes. Write for illustrated booklet and terms to

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Mount Julian, Ont.

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HOTEL, Lake Rosseau—All the comforts and conveniences of the modern city hotel—Rooms single or en suite, with or without bath—Telegraph—Telephone—Golf—Tennis. Only a few hours from Toronto and through trains over three lines connecting with direct steamers. Formal opening June 26th, but guests taken care of June 15th. Attractive rates until July 20th. Booklet and terms from L. W. Marson, Box 25, Royal Muskoka, Lake Rosseau. Steamer information from R. M. Melville, 40 Toronto Street, Toronto. Phone M. 2010.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE first "happy Saturday" at the Lambton Club was on last week, when the directorate and the members invited many of their friends for the day and evening. An orchestra plays every Saturday for dinner and the informal dance after, and needless to say, it was a gala occasion for the first event. There is a peculiar breezy go and enthusiasm about affairs at this Club, in which it is unique, and the air was full of it on Saturday. Had not the Races kept many on the east side, the crowd would have probably been too great. As it was, "a perfect day" was the verdict of those who rendezvoused at Lambton.

The role of Cupid's victims continues to increase, and half a dozen new engagements are either announced in the papers or passed discreetly about among the friends of the happy pair with the rider, "not yet" as to more public notice. The engagement of Miss Heloise Keating, the dainty and accomplished harpist, and Mr. Frank Macklem, an ardent musician and composer, is one which is evoking many good wishes. A harmony of tastes certainly fits these clever young people to enjoy one another's society. The engagement of Miss Alice Baines and Mr. Fred Clarkson is another happy announcement. Probably there isn't a girl in Toronto better loved by her friends than sweet Miss Alice Baines.

The marriage of Miss Madele Pearson and Mr. Lewis Brophy, which was celebrated in St. Peter's church, Carlton street, on Saturday at half past two, was one of the daintiest and prettiest weddings of early June.. The aisle was stained with smilax and daisies in a succession of airy arches, and the chancel bordered with palms, was also arched with smilax and daisies. White cords were used to mark the central seats reserved for the relatives and invited guests—a limited company—as the wedding was not a large one. Rev. Frederick Welbinson, the rector, officiated. Mr. Edwin Pearson brought in his daughter and gave her away, and everyone remarked that the bride had never looked better than in her wedding array. The gown was of soft white satin, the bodice beautifully trimmed with cut crystal and pearls, mingled in a design of embroidery. The train was shirred to the back of the bodice just above the waist line, and on its glistening folds rested a horseshoe of orange blooms. The veil was becomingly fastened on the shining fair hair of the petite bride, and a wreath of orange blossoms fell softly across it. The bouquet of orchids, with a cascade of lily of the valley, and the jewels worn by the bride were pearls, the gift of the groom. The bride's procession was led by the ushers, Mr. Douglas Stewart and Mr. Hutton Crowdy of Montreal, and Mr. Arthur Stanway and Mr. Tyler Stirling of Toronto. Miss Audrey Little of Detroit was flower girl, in white with a crown of big ox-eye daisies and a basket of the same flowers. The maid of honor and bridesmaids were particularly smart, in gold colored satin with long chiffon coats embroidered in white and gold, wide black chip hats with huge gold-hued chiffon roses and black velvet ribbons tied behind and falling low, and carrying boquets of daisies. They were Miss Helen Lovell, a cousin of the bride, Miss Dora Burgess of Montreal, and Miss Abbie Morrison. The bridegroom gave each of them a daisy pin of baroque pearls, with a topaz forming the eye of the flower. Two of the St. Peter's choristers in red cassocks and white surplices sang together before the bride arrived, and one of them sang a solo during the signing of the register. After the ceremony, Mrs. Carter, of Montreal, eldest of the four daughters, asisted Mr. Pearson in receiving the guests at 311 Avenue road, where the bridal party were assembled in the drawing-room, and the bride and groom received hearty congratulations. The *dejeuner* was served in a marquee on the lawn, and Mrs. Duncan and Mrs. Delmar Cavendish, sisters of the bride, were capital assistant hostesses. Mr. Henry Brophy, uncle of the groom, proposed the bride's health. Mr. and Mrs. Brophy, parents of the groom, came on from Montreal for the marriage, and Mr. Arthur Brophy was his brother's best man. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Brophy left for the Falls by the afternoon train, and later went from Buffalo to Detroit by steamer. The little bride looked very pretty in her going-away costume of white serge, and straw hat with roses. When they return they will join Mr. Pearson and Mr. and Mrs. Cavendish at Oakville for the summer, where Mr. Pearson has taken a house, and not return to town until autumn, when they will reside at 311 Avenue road, which residence I believe Mr. Pearson has presented to Mrs. Brophy as he did No. 309 to Mrs. Cavendish on her marriage last year. A number of handsome wedding gifts were presented to the young couple, the families of each giving cheques, and other friends the usual beautiful and artistic articles. After dinner, Mr. Pearson entertained the bridal party to a theatre party, when they occupied four boxes at Shea's.

MISS ELFRIDA EDEN,
Only daughter of Sir William Eden, who married Lord Brooke.

Miss Bertha and Miss Grace Mackenzie, of Benvenuto, are expected home by the Mauritania next week. Miss Ethel Mackenzie remains abroad with her parents, and Mr. Scott Griffin sails by the Lusitania to join Mr. Mackenzie abroad next week.

Mr. G. G. S. Lindsey entertained some men friends at dinner at his home in Tyndall avenue on Monday evening in honor of Mr. Whyte of the C.P.R., who was in town this week. The guests included Sir Henry Pellatt, Mr. Justice Latchford, Hon. R. Jaffray, Mr. C. C. Dalton, Mr. J. W. Langmuir, Dr. Bruce L. Riordan.

The marriage of Mr. Casimir Stanislaus Gzowski, eldest son of Mr. Gzowski, of Clovelly, and grandson of the late Sir Casimir Gzowski, and Mrs. Gwendolyn Patterson (*nee* Church, of Ottawa), took place on Saturday at Clovelly at half-past two o'clock. Rev. Dr. McTavish, of the Central Presbyterian church, performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by the relatives of the bride and groom and a few friends. Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski left for the Falls and the seaside for the honeymoon, and will reside in Vancouver.

Mrs. George Macbeth is going to England next week for a well-earned holiday, and will be away for some time.

Colonel and Mrs. Biscoe and their daughters left town some time ago, and are, I believe, to reside in Galt, where Colonel Biscoe is taking a house.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Cox motored back to town early in the week after a very pleasant sojourn in Galt during the Horse Show, where their horses were much admired.

The Chancellor, President and Senate of 'Varsity gave a huge garden party yesterday. At time of writing it was not quite certain what sort of weather would be handed out.

A very quiet house wedding, at which about fifty relatives and friends were present, was that of Mr. Clarence McArthur and Mrs. Alice Logan Lumbers, daughter of Deputy Warden Matthew Logan, of the Central Prison. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Crawford Brown, at three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Charles Brown, 42 Isabella street. The bride is a sister of Mrs. Charles Brown, and was given away by her father, who also brought her in. Mr. Don Bremner was best man, and the bride was unattended. She looked very handsome in a Princess gown of white crepe de soie, with touches of silver; wore a silver rose in her hair, and carried a boquet of roses and lily of the valley. After the ceremony, the dejeuner was served in the dining-room, from a table decorated with white and pink flowers and ribbons, the ices and sherberts being also pink and all very dainty and tempting. Dr. Gilmour proposed the bride's health. Mr. and Mrs. McArthur left for the Falls at 5.20, the bridal party fololwing their highly decorated carriages to the station to bid them *adieu*. The bride went away in a gown of violet cloth, and hat with wreathing of wisteria flowers. The guests pelted her and each other with confetti, and the orchestra played a gay march as the couple fled to their carriage. The long and spacious drawing-room in which the marriage took place was decorated with white and pink roses. Some of those at the wedding were Mrs. John McArthur, mother of the groom, Dr. and Mrs. Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. Logan, Major and Mrs. Donald, the Misses McArthur, Mrs. James Cooper Mason, Mrs. Ed. Cox, Mrs. Bert Cox, Dr. Spragge, Dr. and Mrs. McArthur, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. W. Lumbers, Mrs. C. F. Smallpiece, of Montreal, Dr. Richardson, the Misses Towner, Mr. Allen, and several others.

Rev. Charles Gordon ("Ralph Connor") was in town this week, and enjoyed a luncheon at McConkey's listening to the lovely music of the Hungarian band.

Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Dewart entertained at dinner last week. Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Small also had a Race meet dinner. Any number of dinners have been given at the Hunt Club. A very pretty dinner was given at McConkey's on Friday of last week.

Colonel and Mrs. Toller are spending some weeks at Preston. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Plumb are in Galt on a visit. Mr. D. R. Wilkie attended the Horse Show in Galt. Miss Frances Morris is going to England this month. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Blake have gone to Murray Bay. Mrs. J. C. Macdougall is visiting friends in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson have sent out invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Millicent, and Mr. Walter Green, on Saturday, June 19, in Trinity College chapel.

Colonel and Mrs. J. B. Maclean are going to England. Mrs. Laybourne is going to Scotland to visit her people on the Clyde. Miss Millicent Henderson, the bride of next Saturday, has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Hebden, in Montreal. Miss Delia Davies, who was one of the prettiest girls at the Races, is sailing by the Empress of Britain on Friday next for England.

Miss Tilley will spend the summer with Lady Tilley at St. Andrews, N.B.

Mrs. Charles Sampson, whose "Wisdom of a Woman" epigrams were amusing our readers a few weeks ago, has had her booklet, "Philosophy of a Philanderer," accepted by the smart set. Mrs. Sampson has a ready pen, a keen sense of humor, and a forceful and direct method. Some of her epigrams and wise remarks haunt the memory in a most convincing fashion.

The marriage of Mr. Harry Love and Miss Eva Burnside Gage was a big event in the Metropolitan church on Tuesday afternoon, when Rev. Dr. Tovell, assisted by Rev. Dr. Cleaver, performed the ceremony. It was a lilac wedding, and those fragrant flowers were lavishly used to decorate the huge church and mass the platform. Mr. Wheeldon presided at the organ. The bride wore an extremely elegant gown of white Liberty satin, *en princesse*, panelled with embroideries of crystal and pearls, and a rope of baroque pearls formed a girdle fastened at the side. The tulle veil was fastened with a crown of orange blosoms, and the boquet was of white lilac with cascades of lily of the valley. Miss Williams and Miss Northway, in pink chiffon, with hats to match, and carrying baskets of pink roses, and Miss Amy Bull, in pale lilac chiffon, and chiffon hat with rosebuds and a shower of lilac-tinted sweet peas, were a fetching trio of little damsels who preceded the bridesmaids, Miss Willa and Miss Gladys Gage, and the maid of honor, Miss Irene Gage, were in lilac satin, veiled in chiffon with fichus and hats with posies of lilacs. Their boquets were of white lilac, surrounding pink roses. Mr. Douglas Eby was best man. The ushers were Mr. Charles Wissner, Mr. Ralph Burns, Mr. Harry Gooderham, and Mr. Burnside Robinson. After the marriage, Mrs. Gage held a reception at Bon Air, corner of Bloor street and Walmer road, and wore a gown of pale blue embroidered crepe, with boquet of pink roses. Mr. and Mrs. Love sail to-day for England, and will spend the summer abroad. On their return they will live in Wychwood Park, where the bride's father has built them a charming house. The gifts sent to this bride were particularly handsome, and Mr. Love has been also wined and dined and presented with gifts by his many friends in Toronto.

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Wedding Gifts of Everlasting Beauty and Usefulness, in Magnificent Array.

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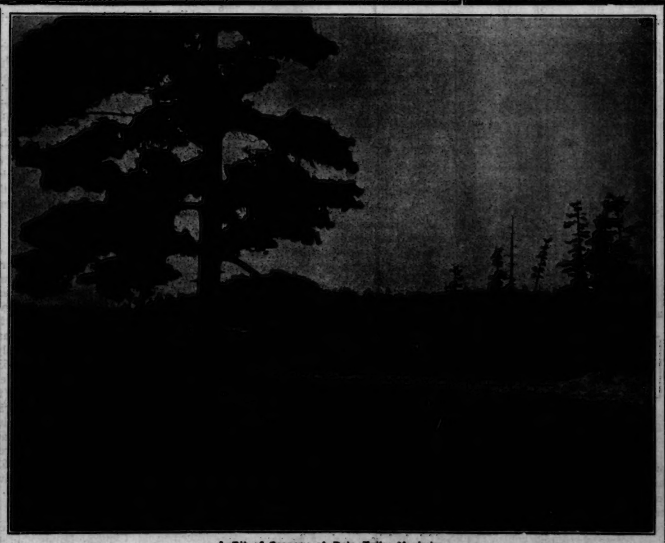

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MY SECRET

By PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

MY name is John Tregarron, and at the time to which I am about to allude I was in my twenty-eighth year—a young man of sound constitution and moderate habits. I was an orphan, but a rich one, and had just been returned to Parliament as the representative of my native town. Modesty would forbid my entering into an exhaustive analysis of my character, even were it necessary, which it is not. I need only say that I was utterly devoid of imagination, and prided myself chiefly upon my stern common sense. If at any time anyone had told me the story which I am about to relate, I should without doubt have considered him insane. Neither solemn affirmations nor any amount of circumstantial evidence would have induced me to believe it. As a rigid materialist I should have scoffed at the idea of accepting as a fact that which was utterly irreconcilable with our present conditions of existence. Many will do this when they read my simple, unvarnished narration of an event which befell me. I cannot help that. I am an inexperienced writer, and I cannot summon to my aid words of eloquence or use the other arts of practised writers who seek to win the credence of their readers. But I can set down simply, and in as few words as possible what happened to me on the 13th of November, 1858, between the hours of half-past three and four o'clock in the morning. Those who scoff may scoff. I shall not hear them, and at any rate it will be some relief to feel that my secret has gone from me.

On the date which I have mentioned I left the House of Commons, after a long and dreary debate, at a few minutes past three o'clock. I had a cup of coffee, and then, feeling the want of a little exercise after the long confinement, I started to walk to my lodgings in Mayfair.

It must have been nearly ten minutes past three when I left St. Stephen's, and it was barely four when I was carried into my rooms. During that time, by the means of powers of nature of which I shudder to reflect upon, I had performed a journey of something like fifteen hundred miles! Ah! I can well imagine the incredulous lifting of the eyebrows, and the "Pshaw!" of, I fear, the majority of my readers. And yet, while it is an indubitable fact, which my landlady and many others could prove, that I was in London during the small hours of that hateful morning, I could yet bring forward incontestable evidence that I was also in Italy.

I walked briskly along through the empty streets, smoking a cigar and enjoying the cool air. As I turned into Belton street my stick caught in a grating and slipped from my fingers. I stooped to pick it up, and then straightened myself in order to proceed on my way. I had not taken a step forwards, however, when I perceived that a sudden strange metamorphosis had taken place in my surroundings. I staggered backwards, dazed, bewildered, alarmed. Had I suddenly gone mad, or was I in the agonies of some torturing nightmare? Belton street, with its rows of red-brick houses, its broad pavements, and its dull gas-lamps, was gone. I stood in a narrow stone alley (it was not wide enough to be called a street), terminating in front of me with a high wall, on either side of which, however, were rows of grey stone crumbling steps, leading I could not see whither. There was a statute of some dull, glittering metal at the foot of each flight, and the figures, which leaned crouchingly over towards me, with the Roman broad-sword threateningly extended, seemed weirdly human in the uncertain moonlight. I myself was in the shadow of a vast grey stone building of architecture strange to me, and a clumsily built balcony jutting out above my head threw a slanting shade upon the ground beneath, deepening the obscurity in which I stood. It seemed to me that the warm, odorous air was richer and softer than any which I had breathed before, and the moon shone with a mellow, golden light in a sky the like of which has assuredly never stretched its glittering arc over the smoky Metropolis.

At first I thought that this must be some wonderful vision, which would fade away directly, and leave me free to pursue my way down Belton street; so I held my breath and waited. Before long, however, I knew that it was no vision, but a drama in which I should be called upon to play a part; and while I hugged the shadows of that grim, dark palace, the *personnel* commenced to show themselves. A clumsily built coach, drawn by a pair of horses, whose hoofs, shod with some soft material, gave no notice of their approach, drew up at the head of the little street, and two men descended. They stood full in the moonlight for a moment, and I saw them distinctly. They were dressed after the fashion of some southern nation, and were apparently master and servant. He who appeared to be the former was a tall, dark man, of olive complexion, and with big, dark eyes. A long cloak enveloped him from head to foot, and from underneath it peeped the scabbard of a sword. The other man was shorter and stouter, with curled, black moustache and jaunty air; his person, too, was disguised by a long cloak.

After a few words with the coachman, the two men turned away and plunged into the shadows of the street of which I was an unwilling occupant. Almost exactly opposite to me they halted, and, although I have never considered myself a coward, I shrank back against the wall, trembling as though I had been seized with an ague. They talked for a moment or two in a low tone and in a strange tongue. Then the shorter man began to hum an opera tune, for which his master sharply reproved him. After that there was a deep silence—we were all three apparently waiting for something. I shrank from hazarding the merest conjecture as to what that something might be, but I could tell from the attitude of my opposite neighbors that they were watching the steps. Unconsciously my gaze followed theirs. Intuitively I was assured that the actors in the next scene of the drama which was unfolding itself before me would make their entrance at that point.

At last they came—an old man and a girl, followed by a manservant carrying a lantern, appeared on the top of the steps, and commenced the descent. As distinctly as if it had been the noonday sun, the brilliant moon showed me the gentle, refined face of the old white-haired man, and disclosed to me the face of the most radiantly beautiful woman whom I have ever seen in real life or on canvas. I am not attempting to write a descriptive story, for which, indeed, I have neither the aptitude nor the ability, so I will say no more about her save that her face, as she slowly descended the crumbling steps, seemed to me as the face of an angel.

They approached the spot where the double ambush lay concealed, the old man talking concernedly in somewhat faulty English.

"It seems strange, Carissima, that so suddenly poor Pietro should find himself worse. I trust——"

The tragedy had begun. In less than a moment the manservant was lying senseless upon the ground, and the old man was struggling in the grasp of the stouter of the two men. His master had seized the girl round the waist, and, with one hand over her mouth, was striving to drug her towards the carriage.

Trembling and speechless, pale with a fear which was scarcely cowardice, I remained without moving, my fascinated eyes riveted upon the little group. They were clear of the shadows, and the expression on the faces of each, photographed in my memory with a hideous accuracy, seemed ghost-like and unearthly in the pale moonlight. In the old man's face anger and indignation shone, but there was no fear, although his struggles to free himself were utterly impotent. Passion, wild, mad passion, was blazing in the dark eyes and convulsing pale face of the taller man, as he strove in rapid words of persuasion to induce his prisoner to accompany him to the carriage. In her face aversion and hatred were blended with fear, as she struggled to release herself, and as he scanned her face with a hungry, longing glance, his grew simply demoniacal. He cried out something to his companion, who nodded and drew his sword, as if about to run the old man through. The girl saw the motion, and with a wild, horror-stricken look, redoubled her frantic endeavors to break loose. The sword appeared about to be plunged into the old man's body, when suddenly my statute-like condition seemed to leave me, and the warmth of life returned as if by magic. With one stride I was in the middle of the little group, the stout ruffian's sword was whirling twenty feet high in the air, and he himself senseless on the ground from a blow with my clenched fist.

Again I carry in my mind a vivid photograph of the tableau which for a second or two existed. Opposite to me stood the girl, released from the rough grasp of her captor, her full lips trembling with emotion, and her glorious eyes full of a sudden hope, and already telling me their tale of gratitude. Almost by her side was her father, gazing at me astonished and open-mouthed, and a little to the left was the taller man, his head, out of which his black eyes were leaping with wild, demoniacal fury, thrust slightly forward towards me, and his hand slowly drawing his sword from the scabbard. A tigress who has seen her cubs slain before her eyes, and who has now the slayer within her reach, might have looked thus as she crouched for the spring.

I stooped and picked up the sword which had fallen at my feet. Still no one spoke or moved. The tableau was broken up at last by the sound of advancing footsteps, and I saw that the coachman had left his horses and was hurrying towards us.

"Take her away!" I cried to the old man. "Take her back at once," and I pointed to the steps.

"But you, sir, whom God——"

"Never mind me. You can bring help."

They moved a step away, and their late assailant literally sprang upon them. I stepped between, our swords clashed together, and his progress was arrested.

I had learnt fencing when a boy, and it had always been a favorite exercise with me, but my present adversary was far superior in skill to any with whom I had tried conclusions. Had he been cool, I should have been a dead man in less than a minute; but he was blind with rage and fury, and came at me wildly. At his third thrust I felt a sharp stinging pain in my left arm, and knew that his sword had entered it. There was a cry of agony from the steps.

"Father, I will go to him! Shall we leave him there to die, when he has saved our lives?"

What followed is the most miserable part of my story, but surely there are excuses for what I did. The instinct of fencing, self-defence, the only half-developed consciousness that I was playing a material part in a real tragedy—these all I can plead as my excuses. What happened was really this. My assailant in his eager thrust had left his own person undefended. I had run my sword through him to the hilt. There was another cry from the girl. I stood stupefied, watching the drops of blood fall from the end of my sword to the pavement, and the ghastly shade of death pass over the face of the man whom I had killed.

Then I heard rapid words in my ear, and, looking up, found the girl by my side.

"Oh, sir, you must fly at once!" She produced a lace handkerchief from her pocket, and commenced rapidly binding up my arm. "He deserved it!" she said, glancing with a shudder to where the dead man lay; "but he is the nephew of the Cardinal, and you must fly. You have saved me from death, and my father, too. Tell me your name?"

"John Tregarron."

"Ah! and mine is——" she broke off and listened. "The guard are coming!" she exclaimed. "That coachman must have fetched them. I must go; and you, too. Oh, hurry!"

"And your name is——?" I asked eagerly.

A buzzing in my ears, blank darkness before my eyes, and an excruciating pain in my left arm.

"And your name is——?" I repeatedly feebly.

"Dr. Emerson said you must keep quiet and not disturb yourself."

I opened my eyes. I was in my own bedroom, with my landlady one side of the bed and the doctor the other.

"How long have I been here, and what is the time?" I inquired. Had it all been a dream, after all?

The doctor looked at his watch.

"You were found lying in Belton street, with a stab in the left arm, and quite unconscious, at half-past

(*Concluded on page 20.*)

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FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

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OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone { Private Branch Exchange connects with all Departments. } Main { 6640 6641

EASTERN BRANCH OFFICE:
Board of Trade Building. (Tel. Main 285) MONTREAL.

"TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT" is on sale in England at the principal news stands in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton, controlled by W. H. Smith & Son, and Wyman & Co., News Vendors.

Subscriptions to points in Canada, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

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Six Months	1.00
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Entered as second-class matter March 6th, 1908, at the post office at Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3rd 1879.

Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Vol. 22. Toronto, Canada, June 12, 1909. No. 35.

!?• Points About People •?!

Not Quite Infallible.

ONE of the Winnipeg dailies conducts a query column in which every variety of question on earth is answered. It is conducted by an Englishman whose knowledge is simply encyclopædic. He has but two weaknesses. One is American history and the other Canadian sports, particularly baseball.

A query came in the other day asking, "When was Custer's last fight?" Custer was a new one on him, and he finally turned the query over to the sporting editor with a polite request that he furnish him with the date of Custer's last fight, how many rounds the bout went, and who was his opponent.

But he was absolutely floored and had to throw up his hands when he received a query from an anxious subscriber, asking, "What is the derivation of the word south-paw?"

A Race Track Incident.

THOSE who have frequented the Woodbine during the recent race meeting must have noticed how a race will get on the nerves of some spectators. Unearthly yells of "Come on, Tinhorn!" (or whatever the name of the beast may be) well up from the throats of the multitude, and full-grown men are seen to leap three feet in the air at the finish and emit yells of delight or groans of dismay. The man who plays every race every day, however, is distinguishable by his impassiveness, which is lightened by a grin when the horse he has played happens to win.

As an illustration of the rough and ready manners of the sporting fraternity one may relate an episode which happened at Detroit a few years ago. A large number of Canadian entries were booked to run, and one Saturday a big excursion of Torontonians was organized to go up to the chief city of Lake Huron and bring home some American money. Most of the Canadian money was to go up on a Seagram entry that was about evenly matched with a famous Kentucky horse which was the favorite. As the horses went to the post the pilgrims from Canada glued themselves to the fence to watch the result. By some mischance a blatant little tout wiggled himself into their midst and when the two leaders came neck and neck into the stretch the tout commenced to shout for the Kentucky horse in raucous tones. Whether it encouraged the horse or not does not appear for he was overhauled in every stride by the Seagram entry.

When the latter reached the wire, a winner by a full length, a mighty shout of joy went up from the throats of the Canadian visitors and the little tout fairly screamed:

"Oh, please, wont somebody kick me?"

"Certainly," said a brawny Canadian who now manages a Canadian track himself, and complied with the prayer with such enthusiasm that the tout shouted no more that day.

He Lacked Urbanity.

THE Countess of Grey has had much experience of all sorts and conditions of people both in the old world and the new. She knows there are boors in England as well as in Canada, and civil folk in both countries. She was, it is to be supposed, not unduly disconcerted when a Welland County churl called her a Yankee tourist because she plucked a flower from the roadside. It is rather the rule for our farmers, when they see strangers picking wild flowers to invite them to have "some real flowers out of our garden." The Grimsby man is not, however, a solitary exception.

There is a picturesque little town, scarcely more than a village, in this country, which has within a generation become a widely advertised summer resort. Cherries are as thick there as leaves in Vallambrosa, and before the inroad of tourists commenced, the occasional stranger was welcome to pluck the luscious fruit that grew in almost every resident's garden, and hung temptingly over the roads and lanes.

A visiting clergyman, who was supplying a pulpit nearby, had heard of this generous temper of the villagers, and driving through there one hot July day, he pulled down with his whip a heavily laden branch and proceeded to feast on the delicious Ox Hearts.

He used to tell afterwards how the owner of the place came rushing out of his gate, very red in the face, and his naturally stammering speech aggravated by his rage, and calling out:

"You're a p-pretty p-parson, I don't think. Didn't you ever read in your B-bible about keepin' your hands from p-pickin' an' stealin'?"

"C.A.B." Spells "Brown."

THERE are few better known men in Toronto than Trustee C. A. B. Brown—known familiarly to his intimate friends as "C. A. B." or "Alphabetical Brown."

For twenty-seven years he has served on the School Board, until his name is a household word and nearly every one of the 35,000 children in the seventy schools knows him or has heard of him.

They are telling a story in school circles which goes to show how familiar his name and fame is to the average little pupil. Mr. Brown recently paid a visit to a north-end school, and the principal asked one of his smallest girls if she knew how to spell Mr. Brown's name.

"Yes, sir," she said, without hesitation; "C. A. B."

Snakes in the Mail.

THE Winnipeg postal authorities have decided that "If pigs is pigs, then snakes is snakes," and have ruled accordingly that it is against the law for such reptiles to be carried through His Majesty's mail.

A Prince Albert settler from the old land decided for reasons not yet explained to send a consignment of snakes—just plain, harmless garter snakes—to the folks at home. He put them in a tobacco tin, wrapped them up carefully, addressed them, marked on the outside plainly, "Animals," and put the precious package in the mail-box at Prince Albert. They travelled safely until they reached Winnipeg. A diligent clerk in the prairie capital spotted the word "Animals." He got out his blue books and hunted up the classification. The only kind of animals which he could find it was lawful to send through the mails was bees. The box was forthwith sent to the inspector's office to pass upon. His decision also was that animals were not legal.

After a council of war it was decided to open the box. While the inspector gingerly untied the parcel, the stenographers sought the dizzy heights of vacant stools. When the top of the tin was taken off there was consternation when the snakes were discovered. The lady stenographers, it is reported, screamed lustily and even the inspector was disconcerted. The Prince Albert man has been notified that in future he must find a new method of transmitting his snakes.

The Late Dr. Waters, of Ottawa.

HUNDREDS of people who never saw Ottawa and whose interest in that city was of the slightest, felt a personal loss when they opened their newspaper a few days ago and read that Dr. John Francis Waters had that morning entered the office of the Under-Secretary of State and dropped dead before anyone had time to speak. This was a painful shock to Mr. Mulvey on his first day in his new office as Under-Secretary.

Dr. Waters was one of those civil servants who do honor to a much maligned profession. He was a well-educated man upon entering the service, and he devoted his leisure to the study of biography, with the result that he was sought after as a lecturer all over Ontario and Quebec within reach of Ottawa. He used to consider his lecture on Madame Savigney as his best, but many of those who, in Trinity College and other institutions in Toronto, listened to his lecture on Dean Swift rank it above the other. Few men, English or Irish, seemed to gain a deeper insight into the life of that remarkable, gifted and unfortunate man. Audiences used to be thrilled with horror as Dr. Waters worked up to those last terrible scenes where Swift described himself as "dying like a poisoned rat in a hole." But Dr. Waters's range was a wide one. Byron, Dickens, Mary Stuart, and Hawthorne did not exhaust his list. The most wonderful thing about him as a lecturer was his marvellous memory. Not only could he quote the poetry of his subjects, but he would reel off page after page of Swift or Dickens without a note or memorandum of any kind. The result was that the whole lecture was his own. There was no transition from talking to reading. No connection was lost. With a good voice and presence and undoubted literary ability of high order he was one of the happiest lecturers on literary subjects that Canada has yet developed.

Mr. Tiffin and the Grade.

MR. E. TIFFIN, the G.T.R. superintendent at Allandale, has a division of heavy grades. One Sunday being in a hurry to get home, he was going up from Toronto on a freight train. There are no passenger trains up the Northern on Sunday till evening.

The long train was slowly crawling up the ridges of King to roll down to Allandale, and Mr. Tiffin from the top of the caboose was impatiently viewing the puffing locomotive laboriously making the ascent.

"Where's the top of this grade, Anderson?" the superintendent asked the conductor.

"That pine sir," said the "con.," pointing to a tree on the crest ahead.

"I'll have it moved down this way," announced the lord of the division with decision.

But it's there yet.

A Brilliant Young Canadian.

THE Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King is still a young man, being only in his thirty-fifth year, but he has already put behind him a record of achievement such as few men leave after a lifetime. And the honors come thicker and greater as the time passes. It is only a short time ago that he was appointed Minister of Labor

HON. W. L. M. KING,
the New Minister of Labor.

for Canada, and not long after this he received the degree of Ph.D. from Harvard University, one of the most coveted honors of the kind on this continent. Politically and academically his career has been a very remarkable one, and should be a source of inspiration to young Canadians generally, as showing what may be accomplished in a few years by ability and industry.

This prominent young Canadian was born in Berlin, Ont., in December, 1874, and is the eldest son of John King, Professor of Law. He received his education at the University of Toronto, from which he went to the University of Chicago, and finally to Harvard. He also studied abroad. His college successes were great and immediate. He was the winner of the Blake Scholarship in Arts and Law at the University of Toronto in 1893. He was made a Fellow in Political Economy at Chicago in 1896,, and in Harvard in 1897. In 1900 he became an instructor in this his favorite subject. His success in sociological studies led the Canadian Government to appoint him special commissioner for the purpose of inquiring into the methods of carrying out government contracts in Canada and Europe. He was also the secretary of the Royal Commission, which investigated industrial disputes in British Columbia in 1903. Four years later he was chairman of the Royal Commission, which studied the conditions of employment of telephone operatives. He has several times been a royal commissioner; and has represented the Canadian Government in England on the question of false representations to emigrants, and also on the subject of immigration to Canada from the Orient, and from India in particular. As a conciliator in industrial disputes he has been eminently successful, and has acted as such for the Canadian Government in over forty important strikes in the last eight or nine years. Hon. Mr. King's appointment to the position of Minister of Labor is merely the well earned recognition of these great services, and of his unequalled knowledge of the subject and the department.

Those who have ever seen the Hon. Mr. King at work on one of his industrial investigations will have no difficulty in understanding the appointment to this important post of one so young. His mind is evidently of the judicial cast, and the coolness and care with which he takes up every side of every point that comes up cannot fail to impress even the casual onlooker very favorably. He is a fair-minded man whose greatest anxiety seems to be to give every one the square deal they are entitled to, and when this spirit is coupled with his great technical knowledge and his wide experience gained in a long series of investigations and special studies, the result is a pre-eminent fitness for his task. Mr. King is a very young and boyish-looking man. But when he is in the chair and conducting an investigation, his boyish appearance is but the mask for a cool brain and an iron resolution. He has many times given proof of this, but nowhere perhaps more conspicuously than in Montreal during the investigation into the disputes between the cotton companies and their employees. The problem before him was an extremely difficult one, in view of the very conflicting claims on either side. But Mr. King displayed remarkable insight in settling the thousand and one difficulties as they came up. And several times, as for instance in the discussion on child labor, he showed his determination to defend the weak and helpless and carry out the law in its most complete intention. To those who have seen him under these circumstances, Mr. King's appointment to the Ministry of Labor is of excellent augury for the country.

An Expensive Drink.

THE short anecdote about the misuse of words is always to be found. For instance, there are several members of the House of Commons, and one in particular, whose speeches repay the listener for their weary length by the unconsciously humorous "breaks" with which they are interspersed. This is the member who some years ago, when a member of the Ontario Opposition, warned Hon. G. W. Ross that the temperance people of Ontario would yet give him "a Roland for his Olive."

This past session at Ottawa he was in the Senate restaurant having a little refreshment and one of his companions, whose "turn" it was, enquired: "What will you have in yours, Doctor?"

"Oh, I don't know," he responded. "Try a little Polly."

"No. I guess I'll take some radium," was the response.

This sounds like an invention but it is absolutely true.

Miss Pauline Johnson Will Live in Vancouver.

MISS E. PAULINE JOHNSON, the brilliant Mohawk poet, has adopted Vancouver, B.C., as her home, and is now settled in that city.

At her recent dramatic recital in Pender Hall, which was her seventeenth appearance under the auspices of the Vancouver Y.M.C.A., it was announced that she intended making Vancouver her home, at which the large audience burst into spontaneous applause. At the close of the performance, Miss Johnson thanked her listeners.

"It makes me feel," she said, "that at last I have settled among friends."

Then she gave her "Toast" to Vancouver, which was received with enthusiasm.

Mr. Walter McRaye, who appeared with Miss Johnson in his ever-popular habitant poems, is to be married in August, in Christ church, Vancouver, to Miss Lucy Webling, the original "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and will tour in a new company which she will lead.

The New Railroad Terminal and Hotel, Ottawa.

THE new Ottawa Terminal Railway Station adjacent to the new hotel, Chateau Laurier, will be erected on the south side of Rideau street, between the Cory building and the Rideau Canal—occupying the present site of the Grand Trunk Railway System.

In ground dimensions the Station building is to be 140 feet in width and 228 feet in depth. Between the building and the tracks, the plans provide for a concourse of 60 feet wide for the general circulation of passengers. In the main building, on the level with the railroad tracks, will be located the general waiting room, which will be about the same size as that in the Grand Central Station in New York city. It is to extend to the height of four stories, and with its massive columns, vaulted ceiling and arched windows, will present a stately appearance.

The architectural treatment of the exterior has been designed with a view of expressing on the exterior the function of each part of the building. It is the intention to build the exterior of stone, the internal structure being of steel, concrete and terra cotta, giving absolutely fireproof results.

A drawing of the new hotel for the Ottawa Terminal Railways Company, also to be erected during the coming season, has already appeared in Saturday Night.

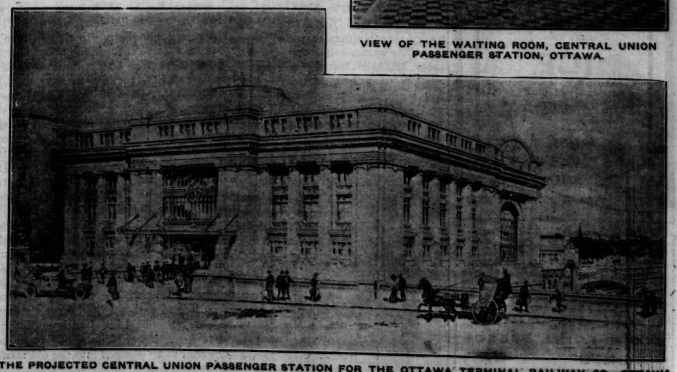
According to the plans, the main entrance of the hotel is reached through a large portico, entering upon a spacious hall, which will suggest in its decorations the refinement, cheer and comfort provided within the building. Every consideration has been given to the arrangement of the interior; the administrative section, the guests' room, the service, and entertainment departments, are each in a measure independent of the other. There will be 350 sleeping apartments for guests.

A broad stair from the rotunda on the ground floor leads directly through the subway to the railway terminal.

The building will be of the latest modern type of construction, interior partitions and floors of fireproof material, and the exterior of stone.

Messrs. Ross & McFarlane, of Montreal and Ottawa, are the architects of both buildings.

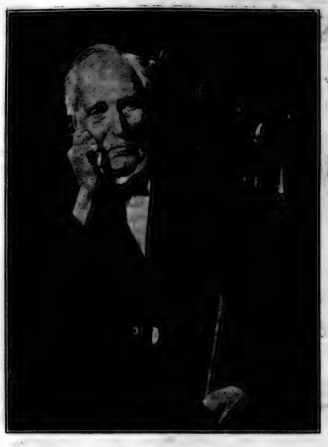
VIEW OF THE WAITING ROOM, CENTRAL UNION PASSENGER STATION, OTTAWA.



THE PROJECTED CENTRAL UNION PASSENGER STATION FOR THE OTTAWA TERMINAL RAILWAY CO., OTTAWA.

A VISIT TO THE GRANGE

ALL old houses are interesting, with the interest of things that have borne a part in human lives. However insignificant in themselves, however ugly and delapidated and cheerless, they have borrowed a warmth from the lives that were lived in them, they have gained an appeal and a personality which no new house can possibly possess. But when in addition to being old the house is also beautiful; when its ancient walls have looked down, not on mere human existence, but on lives that were gracious and dignified and of high report; and when historic association gives a more definite form to the general interest attaching to aged things, a house becomes more



PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH

than a place that has been lived in, and partakes of the character of a memorial of the past.

Toronto has been called "the city of homes," and the name has been well bestowed. There are few cities of its size in America where homes are so pretty and so numerous and so evidently homes in all that the word implies of warmth and individuality and kindly human feeling. Homes there are of every kind, from modest cottages to what are known in journalese as "palatial residences." But if one were asked to pick out the home which is at once the most beautiful and the most homelike, and also the most interesting in the associations of its past, one would be apt to name "The Grange," the house which was built in the early days of York and the province by D'Arcy Boulton, and is now best known as the home of Prof. Goldwin Smith.

It is almost a century ago that Mr. Boulton came out from England and settled in the town of York. He was a man of means and of high standing, and having resolved to make Canada his home he was in a position to surround his life here with a dignity and a comfort possible to but few in those pioneer days. His first care was naturally to build a home, and the model he evidently went on was that of the fine old country homes of England. For the house he built, both in itself and its surroundings, is typically and unmistakably English. And in accordance with English taste, his first care was to get a large tract of land for a park. The grounds about the Grange are still beautiful and extensive, but they form only a small part of the land bought by Mr. Boulton, which stretched from College street on the north clear to the lake front and extended blocks farther to the east than at present. But that was back in 1817, when Toronto was York, and when land was worth less and taxes were lower than they are now. So Mr. Boulton acquired a veritable domain, with little idea in all likelihood of the fact that in time his home would be in the heart of a great city, which would gradually flow all about it and encroach little by little on his land, until but a comparatively small portion remained.

It is hard for us in these latter days to realize what Toronto was in the early times of the Grange. Some idea, however, can be gained from stories told of occurrences which were treated almost as matters of course then, but which are not far from incredible now. One story is to the effect that Mr. Boulton's carriage horses were attacked by bears in the grounds. Think of that in this year of grace—great shaggy denizens of the wild coming into a gentleman's garden and making an onslaught on his horses! One can easily conceive the wariness with which the inhabitants of the little town ventured out after dark, when the unkempt forest stood at one's back door, and savage animals instead of the gentle policeman lay in wait for the roisterer. There were Indians, too. Another story of the Grange tells how Mrs. Boulton, the wife of the founder of the house, lay one day on a sofa in the drawing-room with her child by her side, when a redman stalked coolly in, and patted the terrified woman on the head. "Pretty squaw," he said, "pretty papoose," or something to that effect. And thus having paid his *devoirs*, as it were, he just as coolly stalked out again.

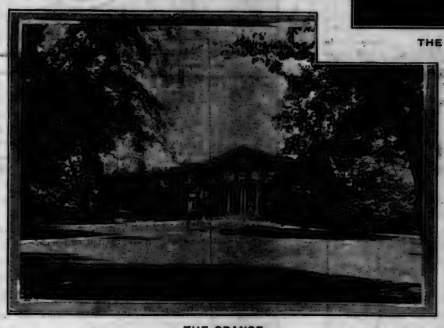
All this, which shows how much Toronto was in the making, leads one to marvel the more that this Englishman should have had the trust in the future of the city and the country, to erect a house which in those times was a positive mansion. And even in these more luxurious days when magnificent homes are not rare in Canada, the house remains an unusually beautiful one. Its style is the style of the homes that one may see in the country outside of any English town of prominence, though its architecture with the small pillared porch is also somewhat suggestive of the colonial model. But the house is more rambling in its appearance than colonial houses, which are generally very compact and even meagre in their outlines. In this respect the Grange is distinctly English, the wing to the left giving it that roomy, comfortable appearance which is so characteristic of English homes. Altogether it is a splendid old house, built on a generous model not often followed in the early homes of Canada.

The days when the Grange was built were stirring times in the history of Canada and Ontario. The country was then in a ferment with the leaven that afterwards gave rise to the Rebellion of '37. Those were the days of fierce political feeling, of Family Compacts, and Gourlays and Mackenzies. As might be expected the Grange, in spite of its bucolic name which spoke of waving grain and the peace of country life, became a storm centre. As might also be expected, it was a sort of headquarters for the aristocratic party, the Tories, or the members of the Family Compact, as they were also called. The men who at that time had almost absolute control of the public life of Ontario, such men as Sir John Beverley Robinson and Bishop Strachan, used to meet there; and it may very well be that in the conversations that went on in those old rooms the future of the province was in a large measure decided. It is this which gives the house its historic associations and makes of it such an interesting survival of the turbulent early times.

The founder of the Grange was succeeded in its possession by his son, William Boulton, a man who took a very prominent part in the political and social life of this city a generation or so ago. In fact, he was three or four times elected mayor of the city, and always exerted great influence in its counsels. It was his widow, Harriet E Boulton, whom Prof. Goldwin Smith married; and in this way the famous scholar and journalist came to take up his residence at the Grange, which has thus been given a new and stronger claim to the interest of the public.

As seen from the main entrance to the grounds on Grange road, the old house makes a very charming picture, especially now in the pleasant spring weather, when the green of grass and leaf and the colors of early blossoms are at their best and brightest. The path stretches straight away from the gate across the wide lawn and rises by short flights of old fashioned steps to the house, whose brick walls stand out with a mellow warmth of coloring from the trees that surround it. Everywhere there are beautiful trees and flowers, not arranged with the artificial precision and ungraceful order of formal gardens, but retaining much of the heedless charm of unpremeditated nature. Instinctively as one looks about one is reminded of English parks, seen either in their delightful reality or in picture; and one is conscious of a certain foreign and remote air, as if one had suddenly stepped into another country. And the farther one advances into the grounds the deeper does this impression become, until when finally the door is reached with its quaint old brass knocker—even though there is a bell handle at the side—one has left completely behind the bustling noisy life of a Canadian city, and has entered into a realm of old-world dignity and quiet.

The interior of the house strengthens the effect produced by the exterior and the grounds. Everything there is touched by the same mellow grace. Soft-stepping, low-spoken servants move gently about. Old-fashioned windows with tiny panes shed a subdued light. Quaint furniture of bygone generations fills the rooms. Old pictures hang on the walls, and ancient cabinets are filled with venerable curios and bric-a-brac of which the modern craftsman has lost the knack. The effect on those who are accustomed to the garish newness of our modern life, is as though they had suddenly slipped back a century. Minutes fly swiftly by in the midst of all these accumulated treasures of far spent years; and then the visitor to the Grange is led through passages lined with bookcases to a large well-lighted room, where the shelves of books rise to the high ceiling, and where a billiard table



THE GRANGE

in the centre of the room is loaded down with volumes and manuscripts and paper and the usual litter of a working library. For this is the workshop, a scene of toil, not of lettered ease; and the tall slender old man, who rises up from a desk and advances with a smile and outstretched hand of kindly welcome, is the Sage of the Grange.

"Sit at my right hand—I can hear better on that side," he explains, and then leaning back in an arm-chair with his hands joined lightly together, he talks with the delightful sureness of the trained writer and speaker, and the ripe and varied experience of a long and eventful career. And it is talk, the pleasant flow and recreation of a finely endowed mind, without the slightest touch of affectation or dogmatism.

Prof. Smith was in reminiscent mood when the writer called at the Grange recently, and he told stories of early days at Eton and Oxford and also of his first experiences in America about the time of the Civil War, when he came from England bearing important messages of amity from John Bright and the other members of the party which sympathized with the northern states in their struggle.

"I owe much of my present good health," he said in speaking of his school days, "to the fact that I attended two of the idlest schools in the world. Our lessons at Eton, with their thirty lines of this Latin or Greek author and their forty lines of that, never amounted to anything. And the holidays and half holidays were legion. But there never was very much complaint made about it in those days," he added with a smile.

Oxford may not have been a very hard-working place, but Prof. Goldwin Smith himself seems to have lost very little time there. Prize after prize fell to him, and finally in 1846 he became a Fellow of University College. Twelve years later he was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History.

"And then I thought my way of life was definitely settled," he said of this period. "It was the work I liked and the life that was most congenial to me. But the fates had ruled otherwise. After some years of it family reasons forced me to resign my chair, and I went to live in my father's home near Reading, in Berkshire."

And then followed stories of old English servants and their faithfulness.

"There was an old coachman who had been many years in the family, who finally grew decrepit and more or less helpless from age and infirmity. One day he had a fit on the box while driving, and it was realized that he could not be safely allowed to drive the family any longer. He was offered his wages and his house as a pension. But the old man clung to the command of his stable as a king would to his throne. He said he would die if he was not allowed to drive. The doctor who was consulted said he thought it likely he would; and so, as we did not wish to cause the old man's death, we had to let him continue for a time in his position, provided there was always someone beside him in the box. There are few such servants nowadays; but fortunately we have an old English household here."

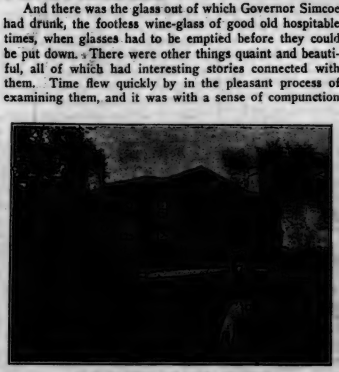
And so the talk flowed on, now of that wet November morning when he first visited Cornell University, where he was afterwards a professor "for two very happy years." Old Cornell himself had met him with his buggy and driven him to the college grounds. There was only one college building in those days, and the students and professors were accommodated in what had been a watercure establishment. When he goes there now he finds the wide campus covered with university buildings and residences of professors, with an attendance of four thousand students.

And then Prof. Smith strolled about the rooms, pointing out notable volumes among his books, interesting pictures, and rare curios. There were huge tomes containing engravings of scenes during the French Revolution, shortly after which the volumes themselves were published. There was Gainsborough's original sketch for the famous picture of "The Blue Boy." An old gilt clock was pointed out.

"It was made two hundred years ago," said the Professor, "and yet it is the best time-piece in the house. They made things well in those days."

An old trunk, too, now in a corner of the library, has a history attached to it. It went with Sir John Moore to the Peninsula among the baggage of Captain Dukinfield. At the re-embarkation, Captain Dukinfield insisted on sharing the fate of his men who were put on board an unseaworthy vessel. He did share their fate; but the trunk, which had been put on board a seaworthy vessel, is now in a Toronto home.

And there was the glass out of which Governor Simcoe had drunk, the footless wine-glass of good old hospitable times, when glasses had to be emptied before they could be put down. There were other things quaint and beautiful, all of which had interesting stories connected with them. Time flew quickly by in the pleasant process of examining them, and it was with a sense of compunction



THE MASTER OF THE GRANGE

that the visitor realized how much of the professor's time he had taken up.

At the door the veteran scholar and journalist stood for a few moments in silence looking out across the lawns which stretched green and smiling in the kindly sunshine.

"The grounds are very beautiful now," said the visitor.

"Yes, it is a pleasant place in which to end one's days—and I am very thankful."

The visitor felt, though he did not say, that it was indeed such a scene as befitted the close of a career distinguished alike in gracious dignity and ripeness of wisdom, in high achievement and honorable repute.

The Ubiquitous Nova Scotian.

IF the ubiquity of Nova Scotians in the political, financial and educational affairs of Canada, occasions rather comment than surprise, their prominence in the counsels of the Presbyterian church is also accepted much as a matter of course. During the ten days' meeting of the General Assembly at Hamilton, two Bluenose names were conspicuously before that body. These were Rev. Clarence McKinnon, who was appointed from his parish charge at Winnipeg to the principalship of the Halifax College, and President Forrest, of Dalhousie University.

Mr. McKinnon was a few years ago the wonder of the church-going world, because while ministering to a little congregation at Sydney, C.B., he persistently refused calls from western cities, which held out the inducement of as many thousands a year as he was getting hundreds. At length, tired of being thought singular, he accepted a moderately lucrative offer from Winnipeg, and stopped the talk.

Dr. Forrest is one of those who contend, almost violently, that the only salvation for Protestantism lies in a concrete union of the chief evangelical bodies. The President of Dalhousie, for some abstruse reason—they pronounce it that way—is also professor of history in that institution. Undergraduates taking his lectures twenty years ago recall that President Forrest was accustomed to refer to such events as the Indian Mutiny, or the American Civil War, as "quite within the memory of us all."

The Chief's Dignity Overthrown.

ONCE, a long time ago, when Sergeant of Detectives James Verney was just Mounted Constable Verney, he was given a horse that always turned in at a west-end hotel so that the rider could get a drink. Jim swears he never taught him. Anyway, when the occasion arose for Chief Grasett to ride at the head of a parade to the Exhibition, the line of march led past the hotel and the Chief was riding Jim's horse. The line approached the hotel, and the Chief was sitting on his mount with dignity and distinction when suddenly the animal, not overly discriminating in his view of the possible difference in tastes, bolted into the driving shed and stood patiently waiting for his rider to refresh himself. It is understood that Jim and the Chief talked the matter over afterward.

Reminiscence of an Old-time Presbyterian.

AT this season of the year, when the Presbyterian body is holding its annual parliament, it is worth while recalling the personality of Rev. Dr. John Bayne, who is still recalled by some of the veterans of the faith as the "Father of the Free Church" in Canada. He was one of the first ministers of Galt, Ont., which, having been founded by and named after the founder of the "Kailyard" school of literature, has naturally been a stronghold of Presbyterianism. Born in Greenock, Scotland, in 1806, he came to Canada in 1834, and preached first at St. Andrew's church, Toronto, which was then located on Adelaide street east. He was given a charge at Galt, then a small village, but was undaunted in carrying the culture he had brought with him from the old land into the homes of the sturdy pioneers of the now rich township of North Dumfries. Emulating Scotland in its never-satiated thirst for knowledge, there was shortly a Mechanics' Institute there, and Dr. Bayne lectured on "The Evidences of Design in the Works of Creation."

The Hon. James Young recalls him as a little boy, and is authority for the statement that on week days he kept nineteen clay pipes alternately in commission, so that to enter his study was to imagine that a conflagration was in progress, with considerable damage from smoke. Nevertheless he was one of the earliest clergymen to take a stand against the liquor traffic. It must be remembered that the total abstinence movement is a purely modern one, borrowed less than a hundred years ago by Christians from the teachings of Mahomet. It is said that temperance was sorely needed among the settlers whom Dr. Bayne came to comfort because whiskey was then only twenty cents a gallon, and before the days of agricultural machinery was a part of the hired man's perquisite on the harvest field.

Dr. Bayne was commissioned by the Synod of Upper Canada in 1842 to visit Scotland and obtain missionaries and ministers for the growing Presbyterian faith in this country. He arrived there to find the disruption movement, headed by Chalmers, which has passed into history, but which has not ended yet in Scotland, in full growth of its youth. He threw in his lot with the so-called "Free Church" and on his return to Canada endeavored to induce his brethren in Canada to throw off the connection with the established church of Scotland. When the general synod of Canada met at Kingston in 1844 he led out many laymen and twenty-three ministers to establish a free church in Canada. He could be hardly called a judicious man, for the Upper Canada of his day demanded religious instruction in conduct much more than theories as to church government. Perhaps it was due to his impulsive disposition that he died suddenly at the age of fifty-three, and left his antagonist, Bishop Strachan, a convert to the Church of England from the Church of Scotland, to organize religious and educational work in what is now known as Ontario.

Story of a Dollar Bill.

MR. H. H. Gildersleeve, of Collingwood, general manager of the Northern Navigation Company, was once taken unawares while on a visit to New York. While buying his ticket for the underground he saw a dollar bill flutter to the ground. He promptly put his foot on it till he paid his money at the wicket, and as he got his ticket he stooped to pick up the greenback.

"Here you," said the gateman. That blew off the ticket agent's counter behind the wicket. "Give it back to him. Don't keep the line waitin' now," commanded the Czar as he stood in the way and refused to let the Collingwood man past till the simoleon was returned.

Mr. Gildersleeve, rather than block the line, gave the bill at the wicket. Getting onto the train the man beside him said:

"I dropped a dollar bill in that rush for the wicket."

"I wonder if the agent divided with the gateman," said Mr. Gildersleeve.

There are Others.

THERE was a mad man in Winnipeg recently. It was Hugh Sutherland, C.N.R. director, ex-M.P.P., and one of Winnipeg's most prominent and best known citizens.

A city teamster bearing the same distinctive Scotch name, Hugh Sutherland, was charged in the police court with bigamy. One of the local papers came out with a big head: "Hugh Sutherland Charged with Bigamy." There was nothing to say that it was not the C.N.R. magnate. The latter was worried to death with the chafing of his friends, and is still busy explaining that there are other Hugh Sutherlands in the world besides himself.

A Lacrosse Reminiscence.

BARNEY RYAN, son of Peter, used to play lacrosse. So did Peter A. Small, also son of Peter. Barney could run some in those days, when neither he nor Toronto's lacrosse grounds was as big as they are now. One day a dilatory swallow sailed over the old grounds, then on North Sherbourne street. Barney thought it was the ball and gave chase. Peter Small watched him bearing down the field. As he passed he hailed him with a chuckle:

"Keep it up, Barney, by," he cried, "you've got a long way to go before it lights."

The Wonder-Children.

By JAMES P. HAVERSON.

WE are the Wonder-Children
The years have always passed,
Who dream and play throughout the day
And, smiling, sleep at last.

We are the Vagrants of the World
Whose hearts were wed to song
Long ages gone, so we live on
Triumphant, glad and strong.

We are the Prodigals of Time,
Wise children of a day
Who meet the fight or greet the night
Then turn again to play.

We are the Vagabonds of Life
Who love and laugh and sing.
We hold our mirth a prize of worth,
And grief a fabled thing.

We are the happy Dreamer Folk
Who laugh the world to scorn;
Still unafraid though dreams may fade—
New dreams are always born.

THE secretary of the Ontario Motor League has received numerous complaints of late from members who have been obliged to incur considerable extra expense on account of damage done to their tires by broken glass and milk bottles on the streets.

It has been stated that it is a misdemeanor for anyone to place broken glass or anything of this nature on the public streets or roads.

The matter, it is understood will be brought to the attention of the police authorities, and an effort made to have the practice stopped, as it is dangerous not only to automobiles, but to horses.

* * *

Some idea of the wonderful growth in popularity of the automobile may be had from the fact that the other day a score of the leading agents of an American company who had met to discuss the prospects of the season of 1910 ordered four thousand cars, valued at $5,400,000. The company in question will manufacture for next year 6,000 cars, but the demand promises to exceed the supply, and for this reason the most enterprising of the firm's agents got their orders in early.

A well-known manufacturer connected with another concern says:

"A famine in motor cars is inevitable. The factories are literally alive with dealers looking for cars. The dealer to-day is not spending his time chasing a prospective customer; the reverse is the actual condition. The buyers are demanding the cars and the dealer is pressed to the limit endeavoring to make deliveries. I found many dealers who are refunding deposits, as it is impossible for the makers to turn out the cars required to meet the unprecedented demand. It is most amazing when one stops and considers the great popularity of the motor car. When makers first entered the industry they little thought what a wonderful growth the future would unfold. There is no question in the mind of a close observer that within another two or three years the motor car industry will rank with the steel, cotton and shoe business in volume of business done."

This would suggest that prospective purchasers of cars ought to get their orders in well in advance of the time of their expected delivery.

* * *

In 1898 there were in the United States seventeen automobile manufacturers with a combined capitalization of one million dollars. In 1909 there are in the Republic about three hundred manufacturers representing a capitalization of nearly two hundred million dollars. Ten years ago about a thousand people were employed in the making of cars. To-day two hundred thousand are engaged in this industry.

* * *

A traveller recently returned from a trip around the world says that Johannesburg, South Africa, is the greatest city in the world for automobiles. "There are," he tells us, "more automobiles in Johannesburg I believe than there are in New York city or any other city of America. The streets and outlying thoroughfares are thick with them and they are of all makes and apparently come from all parts of the globe. I saw many American machines there, but the largest number come from France. The streets of Johannesburg are excellent for automobiling, but the roads outlying are not good and many machines are wrecked in the ruts."

* * *

The safest method of cranking an automobile, according to a leading manufacturer, is to place the thumb on the same side of the handle with the fingers instead of around it. Then in case of backfire the handle is pulled out of the hand without injury.

* * *

A car owner and driver of experience says that some attention each day to tires will enable owners to cut down their expense bills greatly. Cuts in the cover, trifling at first and easily repaired, develop rapidly under the stress of use and in time will cause a loose tread, through which dirt and moisture work to the eventual ruin of the tire. Many preparations afford a satisfactory repair of cuts, considerably increasing the life of the tire.

* * *

Mrs. Alice R. Ramsey, who will drive her car from New York to San Francisco, has completed her plans for the trip and on next Wednesday will start on what is undoubtedly the longest continuous trip ever taken by a woman at the wheel of a motor car. From start to finish she will do the driving and will have to make all tire repairs, tire changes and such, for she will be unaccompanied by men. It will be the first time that a woman has ever attempted the long journey between the two oceans under these conditions. Unassisted, she will have to pick the route, guide the car across the Rocky Mountains and in fact will travel over roads and routes that would tax an expert male driver. She expects to reach the Pacific Coast by July 16.

No speed will be attempted for the reason that Mrs. Ramsey and her party are undertaking the trip for the pleasure of it and as an opportunity to properly see the country. Mrs. Ramsey is president of the Women's Motoring Club of New York. She will run to Albany on the first day. From this point the route will be through Rochester, Buffalo, Toledo, Chicago, Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Ia.; Omaha and Shulesburg, Neb.; Cheyenne and Granger, Wyo.; Ogden, Utah; Reno, Nev.; Sacramento and San Francisco. These are the largest places through which the tourists will pass and will be some of the night stops.

* * *

Writing in Harper's Weekly, Mr. David Forbes, Jr., tells the story of a remarkable desert journey made in a motor car through Syria to Bagdad. His experiences on good ground and bad ground, in a country where an auto is a marvelous sight, make very interesting reading, as a few extracts from the article will show:

From Hamam to Aleppo the road is fairly good, and we did that stretch in three and one-half hours. Some miles outside Aleppo two friends who had heard of our coming met us and got into the car. The road was good, and, to give an Arab a taste of what a motor-car can do, we let her out. At this, one of our visitors, a big, fat Arab, got into a terrible state of nervous excitement, jumped up, waved his hands about, and shouted in his extremity of fear and nervousness. He does not want to invest in a motor-car that exceeds twelve miles per hour. It was curious to watch the expressions of the people on the coming of the car; some were so unconcerned that they might have been in the habit of seeing cars pass daily; others were scared to death and took to their heels and sprinted for all they were worth; others, and they were the majority, stood stock-still, their faces showing first amazement and inquisitiveness, then gradually opening out into a broad, amiable smile of satisfaction and pleasure. Happiness seemed to spread over their whole countenances as we moved past them.

We spent Sunday, the 15th, in Aleppo. I called on the Governor-General, who is a man of the new school, full of energy for the betterment of his country, and most anxious to find means of improving the communications between the various towns in his villayet. On my telling him of my intention of trying to reach Bagdad by car he was most interested, and at once began questioning me as to the possibility of having a motor-car service between the outlying towns and villages under his government. If I got through to Bagdad he would be convinced that motor-cars would be a boon to the government, and he would at once begin to agitate for their adoption for passengers and post. In the way such things are done in Turkey, I can imagine a break-down in the desert and the Turkish driver doing his best to tie up the damaged engine with rotten pieces of string.

We left Aleppo at dawn of the 16th. The night had been stormy and wet, and I expected the roads to be heavy; but apparently rain is quickly absorbed, and we suffered no inconvenience. Shortly after leaving Aleppo we missed the main track and found ourselves upon some very rocky ground, thanks to the wisdom of our all-knowing cook, who had been added to our party at Aleppo, and who was to act also as a guide as far as Hamam on the Euphrates. This man's stock of knowledge was marvellous—never at a loss to answer a question, and never right when his knowledge was put to the test. But the discovering of his fallibility never daunted him, and he was just as ready with his information on the next opportunity. We finally emerged from the rocks without damage, and therafter all was plain sailing till nearing Derhaffer. Here there are two insignificant-looking fords close together, with little water, but rather perpendicular banks. The first appeared to offer no difficulty, and we tried to take it at an angle, but a back wheel sunk in up to the axle, and out of that it would not budge. We stopped the engine, jacked the back wheel up, and then tried to start the engine again, but the starting handle had been thrown out of alignment and would not catch. This looked serious, but a village of beehive-haped huts was close at hand, from which the inhabitants had swarmed on our approach, and from whom we hoped to get willing help if required. People were ploughing in the fields around us, and plenty of idle cattle were standing about the village; but help us they would not, nor lend us their cattle. We then tried jacking up the near fore wheel, which brought the car straight, and, once we had the engine going, there was little time lost till we were over both fords and well on our way. Three hours had been lost in that little ditch, but the road onward was magnificent, with a most delightful surface, and in two hours we reached Meskeneh, where we had our first glimpse of the Euphrates.

This run from Derhaffer to Meskeneh was my first experience of what motoring under perfect conditions is like, but we were to have more of it before reaching Bagdad. The surface was so fine and even that there was absolutely no vibration, and I could sit and write as comfortably as upon an ocean liner in a calm sea. As we ran up to the door of the caravanserai at Meskeneh the whole population flocked around us, and I stepped ahead to get a photograph. As I did so a man rushed out from the door in a most excited way, slapping his legs and muttering in Russian: "The devil take it! The devil take it! What machine is this?" How he came there I know not, but he was the only Russian in the place, as he informed me, and had been there three years, and had never heard of motor-cars in the part of Russia he came from. I had a friendly sort of feeling toward him and gave him a ride for a couple of miles on our departure, very much to his gratification.

* * *

It has been decided with regard to the Glidden tour contests to have the names of the cars as well as their numbers on the signs carried. Hitherto the signs on the cars had only the words "A. A. A. Tour" and the entry number of the car. This has been aggravating to the spectators as well as disappointing to the entrants.

The fact that the make of car is the first point of interest has been deeply impressed by experience upon the members of the A. A. A. Contest Board, and therefore the signs this year will be twice as large as previously, and the names of the cars will be conspicuous on them.

PNEUMATIC.

MRS. NEWTHOUGHT who is of the sect that finds no evil and no ills in life, has a maid who sleeps at her own home. One morning she failed to materialize, and, upon being questioned as to the cause of her absence, gave as an excuse that her father was very sick with rheumatism of the heart.

"But, Mary," exclaimed her mistress, "there is no such thing as rheumatism. Your father only thinks he is ill."

"Yes, mum," agreed Mary.

Several days later Mary again failed to put in an appearance. The following morning she took up her duties as usual, but gave no excuse. As an opening to a reprimand, her mistress said:

"I suppose it was your father again, Mary. Does he still think he is ill?"

"Oh, no, mum," said Mary, wearily; "he thinks now he's dead—we're goin' to bury him tomorrer."

MOTORING ACROSS THE SYRIAN DESERT.

IT IS WITH RELUCTANCE THAT WE PART WITH THEM

When you have been running a car for months, and it has met every test you could give it—when its very evident excellence has resulted in sale after sale—you cannot help feeling, in a measure, attached to that car.

Such has been our experience this year with our demonstrating cars. So well have they backed up our claims; so staunch and true have they proved, we feel sorry to part with them.

But part with them we must, for we have sold everything else, and now, in order to satisfy the demand for cars, we are obliged to offer, at reduced prices, those cars that have been used for demonstrating.

While, of course, on account of their use, we must sell these at reasonable figures, do not make the mistake of thinking them "SECOND HAND" cars. The care they have received at our hands renders them as fit for service as if they were absolutely new.

The Oldsmobile Company of Canada, Limited

Frederick Sager, Manager — 80 KING STREET E., TORONTO.

The Kind of Car You Want

The kind of car that gets you there and back.

The kind of car which went 140 miles a day through the rough trials of the Glidden Tour for two weeks, and finished in such perfect condition that it was chosen to pilot the big four and six-cylinder runabouts running off the tie.

The kind of car that you can always count on.

The kind of car that, by reason of its perfect construction and high-grade material, is, in the highest degree, economical.

The kind of car that looks as good one hundred miles from home as it does nearby—because you know it will get you home.

THE REO MOTOR CAR CO. of Canada, Limited
ST. CATHARINES, ONT.
Brintnell Motor Car, Ltd., 419-421 Queen St. West, Agents for Toronto

THE GREAT "OVERLAND"

WILLYS SIX "OVERLAND."

THE CAR OF THE HOUR

The "Overland" has swept everything before it in class and in that of heavier cars. It is positively recognized as the greatest triumph in design on the 1909 market.

This model "Willys Six" is equipped with six cylinders, developing forty-five horse power. It has 121 inches of wheel base with 36 x 4 inch wheels with Goodrich tires.

$2,850

The "Overland" costs you, laid down in Canada, only $2,850. Remember, the "Overland" at $2,850 is a complete machine. Here is a quick description of its good features: Forty-five horse power, on three-speed selected type transmission; positive gear-driven oiling system; thermo-syphon water-cooling system; 36 x 4 inch Goodrich tires, with quick detachable rims; magneto; two gas headlights and generator; three oil lamps. A fully-equipped car for the road.

THE AUTOMOBILE SUPPLY CO., LIMITED

Garage and Showrooms: 22, 24 and 26 Temperance Street, Toronto

AGENTS WANTED IN UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY.

Sole Canadian Agents for the "Pierce-Arrow" and "Stoddard-Dayton" Car.

Here is a stylish collar
One of our many new shapes—right in style and perfect in fit—known as the
RIALTO
Height, 2 inches at back and 2¼ inches in front.

Made in Quarter Sizes.
Ask your dealer to show you some of our new shapes—there is sure to be one that will just hit your idea of style. Castle Brand, 20c. each, 3 for 50c. Elk Brand, 2 for 25c.
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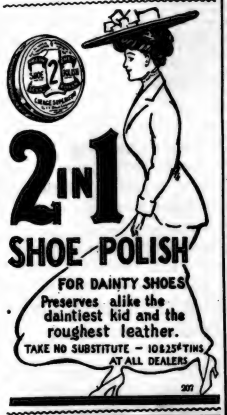
Berlin.



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The Popular
MUSKOKA EXPRESS
leaves Toronto 10.15 A.M., making direct connection with steamer at Muskoka Wharf for all Lake points.
Niagara Falls
Buffalo
New York
9.00 A.M., 4.05 P.M., and 6.10 P.M. daily.
Only double track line, equipment the finest.
Secure ticket at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Sts.

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RICHELIEU & ONTARIO NAV. CO.
STEAMERS "TORONTO" AND "KINGSTON"
3.00 P.M. Leave Toronto daily except Sunday for
Rochester, 1000 Islands, Rapids St. Lawrence, Montreal, Quebec, Murray Bay, and Saguenay.
Saturday to Monday Outings to Rochester, 1000 Islands and Prescott
Steamer Belleville leaves Toronto 7.30 p.m. every Tuesday for Bay of Quinte, Montreal and intermediate ports.
TICKET OFFICE: 2 KING ST. E.

CANADIAN NORTHERN
Change of Time
JUNE 12
SUMMER TIME TABLE
"The Lake Shore Express"
will leave 10.00 a.m. and run through to Sudbury, making connection at Bala Park and Lake Joseph for all parts of Muskoka Lakes, arrival much earlier than by any other route.
Equipment equal to anything on the Continent.
Observation-Dining Parlor Cars.
For time-tables showing new evening train, tickets and full information call at City Ticket Office corner King and Toronto streets and Union Station.

FEARMAN'S
HAMILTON
Star Brand
BACON
is the Best Bacon

"Yes," said the young wife, proudly, "father always gives something expensive when he makes presents." "So I discovered when he gave you away," rejoined the young husband. —Chicago Daily News.

NOW that the spring meet is over people are indulging in retrospect, and the backward glance should certainly be a pleasant one so far as the Toronto public is concerned. There was any amount of fine sport; the weather was splendid almost throughout the races, and in the betting the public was able to pick the winners with much more than usual success. Of the eighty-seven races, no less than forty went to favorites, while second and third choices took twenty-nine. This would certainly seem to indicate that the bookies did not have it all their own way, though one might be justified in doubting that the poor fellows who make a business of taking bets were quite so hard hit as the statements of some of them would lead us to suppose. It is too sad to think that they have been made destitute. Altogether the spring meet was a glorious success, socially, financially and horsically.

* * *

WHILE the King's horse was winning the Derby his faithful Commons assembled for business. It was for many years the custom of the House of Commons to adjourn over the Derby day. From 1856 to 1878 the adjournment was generally moved on the previous day by the leader. In moving the adjournment in 1857 Lord Palmerston spoke of it as "the day on which our Isthmian Games are celebrated." "Isthmian Games" did not stick, but a phrase of another great Parliamentarian did. Lord Derby, lamenting his failure to pull off the big race, said to Disraeli, no sportsman:

"You don't know what the Derby is?"

"Yes," said Dizzy, "it's the blue riband of the turf."

In 1872 the motion for adjournment over the Derby was opposed for the first time, but carried. It was carired against opposition in each succeeding year till 1891. It was negatived for the first time in 1892, but on the following day there was not a quorum of members present and the House was counted out. The motion was negatived in following years till 1896, since which year it has not been moved.

* * *

ROWING men and all sportsmen are generally pleased that the Belgian crew will again be seen at Henley this year in quest of the Grand Challenge Cup. In this classic contest the Ghent oarsmen in both 1906 and 1907 beat the best of English amateur rowers, and might have won the cup again in 1908 had they been allowed to compete. That they were not allowed was due to the fact that the Olympic regatta in 1908 was deliberately given precedence over all other international rowing contests, and to insure its success from an international point of view no foreign entries were accepted for the Henley regatta, a course which ill informed critics on the Continent ascribed to fear lest the cup should be lifted by the Belgian crew for the third year in succession.

Ample refutation of this ungenerous criticism is contained in the simple fact that the decision to exclude foreign competitors from the Henley regatta in 1908 was announced two months before the second success of the Belgian crew was even dreamed of.

To the credit of the Belgian rowers themselves, it must be said it was not they who fomented the subsequent campaign of indignation. They knew before they rowed for and won the cup in 1907 that they could not be represented at the Henley regatta in 1908.

Perhaps the sweeping victories of English oarsmen in the great Olympic struggles over the Henley course last year did more than all the detailed explanations of the Henley Regatta Committee to remove suspicion that the exclusion of foreigners from participation in the regatta of 1908 was due to consciousness of English supposed decadent oarsmanship and consequently fear of defeat.

* * *

CONCERNING the visit to England of the American polo team, a writer in the Bystander says that at first it was thought the American visit would not mean more than that four players were coming to London to take part in a few friendly matches with our best teams. But a definite challenge from the Polo Association of America to play for the trophy known as the America Cup has entirely altered the character of the tour, and gives it an importance which is most satisfactory to the managers of the clubs, who can foresee fat "gates" for the American matches. "What are the visitors' prospects of success? Well, to be perfectly candid, I think that they are remarkably rosy. I have seen the Americans in all their trial games so far, and I put them down as immeasurably the finest foreign team a trifle 'sick.' Those ponies have that has ever visited this country. As for their ponies, they are simply amazing. No grander stud has ever been got together in the history of polo, and if England loses possession of the International Cup this summer, players who have readily sold their best ponies to America will feel t trifle "sick." Those ponies have now come back to England, and promise to do a great deal towards the discomfiture of English polo. No doubt we shall get the ponies all right when the pinch comes, but I do think our leading players are ill-advised to sell their best ponies, especialy when they are in no sense in want of the money. I know this is a very delicate matter to touch upon, but it has become the subject of common talk in polo circles, and it is voted a great pity that one or two well-to-do men who are leading exponents of the game should not be able to resist the temptation of making a profit on their ponies. At least two of our greatest poloists are this year able to muster only one decent pony between them. One thing is quite certain—if Mr. Harry Payne Whitney's brilliant team does manage to win the America Cup, we shall not get it back in a hurry. Our Transatlantic cousins will cling to the polo trophy just as tightly as they have held on to the yachting cup."

AMERICAN POLO PLAYERS AT HURLINGHAM.

* * *

VERY likely the time of the English Marathon recently of 2 hours 42 minutes 31 seconds will go as a record over there, as the course has been measured. In H. F. Barrett of the Polytechnic Harriers, the winner, the Englishmen think they have a world beater. Nothing like the time has been done on this side except Maloney's 2 hours 36 minutes and some odd seconds in the Rye to New York Marathon, but it is thought that the course was short. In the professional race last fall Henri Siret, the Frenchman, won in 2 hours 37 minutes 23 seconds, but part of the course he covered from Uxbridge to the stadium was much harder than the section from Uxbridge to Stamford Bridge, over which Barrett ran.

* * *

FROM what could be gathered during the week of the A.A.U. legislators, throwing the hammer in its present form is doomed and by the time next summer comes around the old methods of the event will be revived. Just now there seems to be a cry all around to abolish the event altogether because of its danger to spectators. A fatal accident recently where a college professor was struck in the stomach has done much toward drawing adverse attention to the competition. Said a member of the A.A.U. legislation committee: "We intend to save the event and that effort means that a more sensible rule will be introduced to govern it, or in other words the competition will be hammer throwing, not a slingshot whirling contest.

"First of all the shape of the missile itself will be altered. It is my intention that the handle shall be of wood and that it shall measure two inches in diameter at its thinnest point, and no crossbars or loops at the end will be allowed. We may permit a leaden head, but I am in favor of the old iron sphere. It is more like a hammer to have an iron head and a straight stiff wooden handle, and I only wonder now why this splendid exercise was permitted to merge into the ridiculous exhibition that it is to-day.

"In the old days we rarely if ever heard of the hammer throwers killing any one, for the old hammer did not travel very far and its flight was so slow and the missile was so easily seen that persons had plenty of time to get out of the way. Then, again, a thrower who used the straight handle always had better control of the hammer than when using those bifurcated loops. The rule of throwing, too, will be altered. I, for one, favor the hammer to be thrown from stand without a turn and the throw to be made from a scratch line, the foot nearest the line to be kept still. As an incentive to straight throwing a clause might be introduced to the effect that the throws be measured perpendicularly. Such changes may come a bit strange to the hammer throwers, but I should think it would not take them long to grow accustomed to the rules. I do not know what we may do with all these wonderful records made with the wire strung slingshot. They may be kept on the books as curios, but I favor throwing out the entire list and going back and finding the stiff handle record from stand. It will need some research, but it can be done. The rule, as it now stands, will be permitted for this season, but at the A.A.U. convention next November we will introduce the new rule or revise the old one."

* * *

IN speaking of the difference between old and young players, some Americans and other things the Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News has the following interesting article:

"No game is more interesting to watch than tennis to any one who has a knowledge of the game and love for it, for it can be watched stroke by stroke and there is always an agreeable uncertainty until the very end of the game. Until of late years it was always assumed that youth was vital to the attainment of the highest honors at tennis, but the present holders of the singles championship of the world in lawn tennis are held by old stagers, the joke about Gore being that he has taken root in the centre court at Wimbledon, where he was first victorious many years ago and where he won his laurels again during the current year. To watch Gore it seems surprising to see how he puzzles his opponents by his service, which to watch seems slow and old-fashioned when compared with the newer American service, but seems to answer his purpose well enough. But another puzzle to their supporters was in the fact that during the last world's championship tournament the younger American and English players were also knocked out one by one by Roper Barrett before he met his match in the finals with Gore.

"To watch Roper Barrett last year was a great treat, to such perfection has he brought the game, and it is possible to see his motives beforehand in many instances, since he plays for several moves ahead; indeed each one of his 'cracks' have strokes of his or her own well worth studying, each having one or more strokes at which he is supreme.

PLAYFAIR.

Family Physician—The trouble with your husband, madam, is that he has overdrawn his account at the bank of vitality. Mrs. Gayman—I felt sure he was deceiving me about something! Doctor, I give you my word I never knew he had any account there!—Chicago Tribune.

15c. is not very much for a trial box of MURAD Turkish Cigarettes.

Anargyros

ALEXANDRA WARE
Designed to supply the demand for high-class artistic bathroom fixtures.
Easy to instal and moderate in cost.

"ALEXANDRA" WARE
is a big step in advance of the so-called "SOLID PORCELAIN WARE."
The latter is a clay product liable to crack, and on account of its thickness requiring time and quantities of hot water to heat. "ALEXANDRA WARE" is of very different construction. Made of cast iron, covered both inside and out with heavy porcelain enamel, it is the ideal ware for the Bath Room.
The Standard Ideal Company Ltd
Sales Offices and Show Rooms Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg
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Trips To England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Continent
Direct Services Provided by Allan Line Steamers
Montreal to Liverpool, Glasgow, Havre (France) and London
NEW STEAMERS SUPERIOR ACCOMMODATION
Moderate Rates—For full particulars of sailings and rates apply to THE ALLAN LINE.
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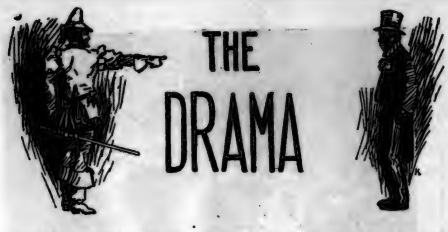
LABATT'S ALE
Is made from tested, natural spring water, selected barley malt, and a blend of the choicest growth of hops. No substitutes for hops or barley are used. An aid to digestion and a cause of comfort after meals.
FULL OF THE VIRTUES OF BARLEY AND HOPS



THE DRAMA

ALICE LLOYD is the most interesting thing in local stageland this week, and the London music-hall star is making her usual big hit with the lovers of vaudeville. Alice is not a wonder for looks, nor are her songs marked by any subtle beauty. In fact Alice and her songs are both a trifle coarse. But Alice has a swing and a go which would carry off almost anything and make it acceptable to the public. She works hard and she manages to look and act as if she enjoyed every moment of it. Take even the old dodge of throwing a light from a hand-mirror on the head of some unfortunate in the audience, whom she proceeds to sing violent love to. She did it as if she was having the time

MADGE LESSING,
English actress who has scored in Berlin.

of her life, in spite of the fact that with the glare of the spot-light on her the pit is a black abyss to her eyes and she could not pick out an elephant in it, except by haphazard. But she seemed to be having all kinds of fun and the audience had fun watching her. The tremendous success of women like Alice and the still more famous Marie Lloyd is a triumph of temperament. Their singing and dancing amount to little in themselves, but they put a verve and snap and a rollocking joy into it that are simply irresistable.

* * *

ONE of the most enterprising and prominent American producers of plays recently returned a manuscript to a playwright, and also added a few items of good advice. The counsels given are interesting as showing the producer's idea of what a play should be. They are as follows:

"Don't write about smugglers, pirates or bandits.

"Write a clean love story—the kind that, when you were a boy, made you curl up in a corner and continue reading while the folks went to dinner.

"Write something new, even if you never saw it on the stage before. It might go.

"Don't select as a subject any current news topic.

"Don't attempt to write about anything with which you are not familiar.

"Make your characters natural. To be so, they must do only what men and women do in real life, and not what the story books say they do.

"Make your characters speak good English.

"Don't use stilted words.

"Don't say, 'I have found the papers with the old man's will secreted,' etc.

"Don't give the villian whiskers nor make the hero clean shaven. Try it the other way for a change.

"Don't make your hero a black sheep returning from Goldfield with the wealth of a Havemeyer; make him a smart chap disinherited for marrying a chorus girl.

"Don't make the injured husband seize the heroine by the wrist and fling the lady from him with a curse on his lips.

"Don't preach. The public can secure free seats in a church.

"Don't forget the audience has imagination.

"Don't forget the public reads newspapers and has real human intelligence.

"Don't use soliloquies. Monologues are for vaudeville and minstrel shows.

"Don't put too much in your play.

"Don't have one scene on an island, another at Herald Square and a third in Chicago.

"Don't begin the first act in a cheerless garret in the winter of 1866 and then jump to the summer of 1909. Those forty-three years contain enough material for a thousand good plays.

"Make the action of your play take place all in one day if possible.

"Don't think all managers are vampires. Brains are a common article. A dozen people may have thought your thought before you thought it.

"Don't expect a manager to produce your play this season. 'The Merry Widow' was in my office nearly eighteen months.

"Don't submit your first manuscript until you have written a second one. Then go back and rewrite the first.

"Before submitting a manuscript, go out behind the barn and read it aloud; then ask yourself if you would pay $2 for a seat in the first row to see it acted."

* * *

GENERALLY speaking, says Life, vaudeville has no great influence, good or bad, on its votaries. Its wretched English, its bad manners, and its lack of refinement do not make for the improvement in these particulars of those who frequent it most, but perhaps most of these find the standards of vaudeville the normal ones in their own walks of life. With the legitimate stage falling so far short in these matters vaudeville is not to be blamed largely for its deficiencies. Certainly it would be going too far to hold it responsible when our system of general education is so little able to make its products well-spoken and well-mannered in even the most elementary way.

The audiences to which it caters come to it in kindly mood. This is encouraged by the treatment the patrons of the houses receive from the employees. Competition in vaudeville has made its managers careful to keep the friendly feeling of those who support it, and its public meets agreeable consideration instead of the brusqueness and incivility often encountered in the higher-priced theatres. This creates a basis of good will from the spectators to one another and to the performers.

The worst reproach of vaudeville is its absolute frivolity and its tax on the community as a waste of time and money. In the six performances on which this review is largely based, there was conveyed to the audiences not one single instructive fact or one uplifting influence. It is sheer amusement and nothing else. In honesty let it be said that it doesn't claim to be anything else.

Circenses et panem were once considered good medicine to make a people contented. Certainly the frequenters of vaudeville are not spending their time making anarchistic bombs or writing black-hand letters. They are laughing or learning to laugh, and the directors of this form of amusement are not allowing their patrons to receive any bad instruction, even if they don't allow them to get any that's good. Politics, religion and dogma or ism of any kind have no place on the vaudeville stage.

Vaudeville is a negative institution. So long as it is kept clean it is neither good nor bad in other respects, and its regulation may safely be left to those who want to make money out of it and those who have money and time to waste on it.

* * *

THE London music-hall favorite, Miss Vesta Tilley, shows that lovely woman can outdress the most determined dandy even when she is handicapped—is that the right word?—by male attire. Miss Tilley has devoted years to tracking down and appropriating every vagary to which the taste and fancy of the exquisite and those who cater for him give rise, but her latest triumph is a discovery of her own. It is an evening tie so manipulated that it never "rides up," or comes undone; nor does it require fasteners at the side to keep it in place. The finished bow, instead of showing double loops and two ends, shows only one loop and one end, and thus obtains a "butterfly effect" which is certain to enchant the airy spirit of the dandy. Miss Tilley has been reminding the public that when they see her "male impersonations" they really see clothes that the most exacting Brummels of our day might envy. She discards a dress-coat at the end of a few weeks if, for instance, some new departure in the line of the shoulder seam alters "the latest fashion." And her artistic conscience insists upon accuracy in every detail. For her "Tommy Atkins" song she buys shirts at a place where real Tommies buy theirs, and as an Eton boy she appears in the genuine college cloth, by permission of the college authorities, with a watch purchased from an Etonian—who would no doubt have presented it if he had been permitted to do so—and a watch-chain as "true to type" as the watch.

* * *

THE annual commencement exercises and graduation programme of the Conservatory School of Expression took place Friday evening May the 28 in the Conservatory Music Hall. At the conclusion of the programme, the graduates were addressed by Dr. F. H. Kirkpatrick, principal of the School of Expression, and afterwards by Mr. W. K. George, one of the vice-presidents of the board of directors of the Conservatory of Music, who also presented the diplomas to the successful students. The complete list of graduates and the programme were: last scene of Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities," Miss H. Grace Rankin; a scene from "Captain January," Miss Nora May Starr; "Much Ado About Nothing" (Act 2, Scene 3), Miss Edith A. Reid: "The Other Women" (a dramatic sketch), the Misses Beatrice Wellington and Ella M. F. Vigeon; "As You Like It" (Act 5, Scene 2), Miss Maude Gillman; Schiller's "Mary Stuart" (Act 2, Scene 1), Miss B. May Rance; Sardou' "Robespierre" (the Tumbril scene), Mrs. Ethel Reese Burns; Seymour's "Two Jolly Girl Bachelors" (a playlet), the Misses Muriel Reamsbottom and Myrtle Sheppard. The only musical number on the programme was contributed by Mr. Henry Milne, pupil of Dr. Ed. Broome.

* * *

AT Shea's next week the bill will be headed by Billee Burke's Show, with Clarence Wilbur and a company of ten, including the six O'Connor sisters. A special feature of the programme will be a boiled down version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in which the story is told in thirty-five minutes. Other acts are, the Potter-Hartwell troupe, Miss Maurice Wood, comedienne and impersonator, Tom Dempsey, Carney and Wagner, and Frank McCrea and company.

* * *

UNCLE TOM has certainly come back to his own in Toronto, for while Shea's are giving a vaudeville version of the famous old play next week, the Toronto Press Club is putting on a burlesque entitled "Uncle Tom's Taxicabin." This production has been written by members of the Press Club and is also being acted by the scribes. Those who have seen the rehearsals say that the play is screamingly funny and should gain an even larger measure of success than has hitherto attended press theatricals in this city. Special interest attaches to it in view of its

LEGREE AND "LITTLE" EVA,
in "Uncle Tom's Taxicabin."

entirely homemade character, which should atone for many crudities even if such existed. But according to all accounts the lines and situations of the play are excellent, and the acting shows the existence of a great deal of hitherto unsuspected histrionic ability in the gatherers of news. The play is full of local allusions and take-offs of various kinds, and they possess all the keenness which the newspaperman's unrivalled knowledge of city life and the questions of the day enable him to throw into them. Altogether "Uncle Tom's Taxicabin," which is to be played at the Royal Alexandra on June the 18th and 19th, should break all records even for Press Club plays.

FIRST-NIGHTER.

"Did you secure tickets for the play, hubby?" inquired the New York wife. "I hear they are in demand."

"They are. But I managed to get seats for two months from to-night. And, by the way—"

"Well?"

"You might begin to get ready now."—Kansas City Journal.

A Royal Great-Great-Grandmother.

THE birth of a son to the youthful Duke and Duchess of Sudermania gives to royal Europe what it has not had for more than ten years, namely a great-great-grandmother, notes a London newspaper correspondent. The lady to whom this honor has come is the Grand Duchess Constantine Nicolaievitch, who was before her marriage Princess Alexandra of Saxe Altenburg.

She will be 79 on June 26. Her daughter, the Queen of Greece, becomes a great-grandmother at an unusually early age, for she will not be 58 till August.

The dignity of great-great-grandmotherhood is very rarely attained. Queen Victoria never had it, nor did the redoubtable Princess Clementine, though she lived to be nearly 90. The last case of a royal great-great-grandmother occurred in 1898. In April of that year the birth of a daughter to the Duke of Calabria conferred the distinction on Maria Antoinetta, Grand Duchess Dowager of Tuscany.

She had the satisfaction of seeing a descendant in the fifth generation bearing the same name and title she had borne in babyhood, Princess Maria Antoinetta of the Two Sicilies. Also all five generations were living, the connecting links being supplied by the Grand Duchess's daughter, the Countess of Trapani; her granddaughter, the Countess of Caserta, and the Duke of Calabria, her great-grandson. In the case on the new little Swedish baby the chain of five is broken, the Duchess of Sudermania having lost her mother, the Grand Duchess Paul, who died in 1891.

Japs and the Czar's Stamps.

A STRUGGLE of the magnitude of the war between Russia and Japan leaves many an echo for a long time. One of these, a minor one, is of considerable interest. It is referred to as follows by a Russian journal, The Karbin Vyestnik:

Among our good neighbors the Japanese nothing is wasted; out of all and everything they endeavor to extract benefit. Thus, for example, during the Russo-Japanese war the Japanese secured more than 1,500,000 rubles worth of Russian postage and revenue stamps abandoned by us in various post offices, branches thereof, and sundry other establishments. Now the enterprising Japanese are trying to dispose of these stamps among Russians.

For this purpose they have special agents who offer them to Russian arrivals for half their value. A certain Caucasian, also of an enterprising turn of mind, proceeding to Japan on business, encountered one of these agents at Yokohama and tempted by easy gain bought various stamps valued at 2,200 rubles for 1,000 rubles only. The stamps were successfully conveyed to Vladivostok, but unhappily the agents of the detective force got wind of the affair.

One of these agents visited the Caucasian in the guise of a stamp purchaser, and in order not to rouse suspicion and for greater verisimilitude laid some money on the table. When the "merchant" left the room for the stamps the signal was given to the ambuscade and no sooner had the owner returned than the agent met him revolver in hand and arrested him on the spot with his wife and confiscated the stamps. When it appeared that the stamps were really Russian the prisoner was released after three days' detention.

It is reported that the money will be returned to him, but that the stamps will remain for the benefit of the exchequer. It is said that in the case of a big buyer of these stamps the Japanese offer to land him safely on Russian territory with his booty, in a torpedo boat or special steamer, but whether or not this offer has yet been accepted is unknown.

Last December it was announced that E. H. Litchfield, of Brooklyn, and two companions had sailed for East Africa to shoot big game. He was a representative of the American Museum of Natural History, and some of his prizes, were any secured, were to be bestowed upon that institution. Statements contained in a letter indicate that a record has been established which may put other great hunters to their trumps. The hunt had been in progress for four weeks when the letter was writen, during which the "kill" consisted of a hundred and ten head of game, forty-five of which were victims of Mr. Litchfield's rifle, and included a lioness, a rhinoceros, a giraffe, and a large variety of other wild beasts. To hunt the giraffe a special license of twenty-five dollars had to be paid, and for the general right to shoot permission of the governor of East Africa was obtained. The party hunted in the open jungle wih only a single guide and without the benefit of the battue to round up the game.

He—Not going out to vote! Why not? She—I haven't a thing to wear.

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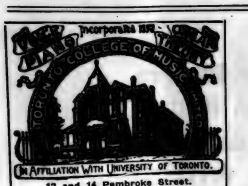

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MUSIC

THE annual concert of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, held in Massey Hall on Thursday evening of last week, was an event which, one may confidently assert, would bear comparison with anything of its kind throughout the world. Such a sterling programme of unflagging merit, of a very high standard deserved the best of attention, and this it obtained from the large and discriminating body of listeners which completely filled Toronto's great auditorium on this important occasion.

To judge the work of a pupil, one must take into consideration not only the standing of the teacher, but the individual talent of the pupil, and his length of experience in public performance. A sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the tutorage was contained in the names mentioned on the programme. These were: Edward Fisher, Mus. Doc.; A. S. Vogt, Mus. Doc.; Albert Ham, Mus. Doc.; Edward Broome, Mus. Doc.; J. D. A. Tripp, Frank S. Welsman, Henry J. Lautz, Howard Massey Frederick, Mrs. B. Drechsler Adamson, Miss H. Ethel Shepherd, and the Conservatory School of Expression. Naturally, the individual talent and experience of the pupils were varied, but this was at no time strongly apparent, since it was evident that the performers had all been carefully chosen with a view to exhibiting the best work that the institution produces. The programme was one of remarkable evenness through, containing no number that approached toward weakness, while the majority of the selections were achievements of positive brilliancy in performance. The vocal numbers were as follows: Joh. Strauss, Voci di Primavera, Miss Gladys Marshall; Delibes, Maids of Cadiz, Mrs. Alma Gayfer Sanderson; Chaminade, Summer, Miss Della White; Verdi, O Don Fatale, Miss Muriel Goggin; Wagner, O Hall of Song (Tannhauser), Miss Maj. P. Hinckley. The piano selections consisted of: Weber, Concertstueck, Op. 79, Miss Annie Connor; Hiller, Concerto F sharp min., 2 mov., Mr. Ernest J. Seitz; Schumann, Concerto A. Min., 1 mov., Miss Muriel Bruce; Liszt, Hungarian Fantasia, Miss Edith J. Mason. In addition to the foregoing, 2 movements from the Bruch violin Concerto, Op. 26, were rendered by Mr. Oscar P. Ziegler; and a scene from Shakespeare's "As You Like It," was read by Miss Ella M. F. Vigeon. The violin and piano numbers, and most of the vocal selections were accompanied by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Welsman's baton, and the excellent assistance of this capable organization added greatly to the interesting nature of the concert. As an opening number, the orchestra contributed the Vorspiel zu Kunihild of Kistler, with a breadth and dignity of interpretation that was most satisfying. Taken as a whole, the Conservatory concert proved to be the most absorbing musical offering from the standpoint of a pupils' performance, that we have had during the season; and the Conservatory deserves heartiest congratulations upon this achievement.

* * *

A Montreal despatch to "Musical Canada" makes the following announcement: "The McGill Conservatorium of Music will, in the future, have its own examining board, chosen by the University, instead of being dependent upon examiners appointed and sent over by the Associated Board of London. Degrees that have hitherto been granted by McGill in conjunction with the Associated Board will henceforth be conferred by McGill alone. The same work will be continued, but certain points not emphasized by the Associated Board will be given prominence in the curriculum of the Conservatorium. Special attention will be paid to ear tests; and the teachers' examinations for Licentiate will be made more searching and complete. In the past, those holding this degree were called 'Licentiates of the Associated Board,' although all the certificates granted by this body bore the seal of McGill University. In the future they will be Licentiates of McGill Conservatorium. The local centres will be maintained; and as the expense of producing examiners at home will be less than the cost of importing them, it will be possible to establish new local centres for a fewer number of candidates than formerly. The new syllabus of the Conservatorium will be issued shortly."

It would appear from the foregoing that the Associated Board of the R. A. M. and R. C. M. has lost whatever little foothold it possessed in Canadian musical life. This is the outcome which was predicted some years ago when the Board came out to Canada, seeking the co-operation of the Canadian musical profession, but upon such a basis as made it beneath the dignity of the musicians here to accord the same.

* * *

On the evening of Tuesday, June 1, at Parkhill, Ont., the Parkhill Choral Society, 100 voices strong, gave a very fine concert which would have been a noteworthy musical event in many places of much larger size. The chorus, under the direction of Mr. Ernest A. Humphries rendered such numbers as "O Canada," Barnby's "Sweet and Low," Tosti's "Beauty's Eyes," Bridge's "Bold Turpin," Sullivan's "O Gladsome Light," and Elgar's "It Comes from the Misty Ages," and the volume of tone, precision of attack and attention to nuances are said to have been of the most satisfying character.

The society had the assistance of M. Maurice Poure, violinist, Mr. Wm. A. Zapfe of Toledo, and Miss Jessie Hamilton-Strong, pianiste, of London. All of these artists acquitted themselves with honors, the playing of M. Poure being especially worthy of mention.

The conductor of the society, Mr. Ernest A. Humphries will be remembered as a student of music in Toronto under Mr. H. M. Field, Arthur E. Fisher, Theodore Wiehmayer and others, and was for seven years Musical Director of the Ontario Institution for the Blind, at Brantford, the musical department of which school under his direction emerged from a position of inconsequence to a place where it is important among the institutions for musical instruction in the province. Mr. Humphries retired from active musical work some two years ago but has accomplished this feat of musical missionary effort in the town where he resides, simply as a matter of public improvement and without pecuniary reward. It is sincerely to be hoped that more of the smaller towns of Ontario will adopt similar lines of endeavor and thus spread the growth of musical taste over the whole country instead of confining it to the larger cities.

* * *

Miss Mabel Beddoe, recently of Dresden, Germany, sang with much success at the concert of the Berlin (Ont.) Choral Society. The Berlin News Record speaks of her as "a young lady with a wide reputation as a talented contralto soloist, who aroused the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm by her polished singing. Her voice is one of wonderful range and great powers of expression. German's 'Who'll Buy My Lavender' was one of her sweetest numbers, and 'Cherry Blossoms' and 'Good-Bye,' though of wide contrast, also made a deep impression. She sang three German selections, Vergebens, Ritterliche Werbung, and Frachlingsnacht, and also Rubenstein's 'The Asra' and 'My Beloved's Eyes.' She responded to a number of encores, and in one of them, played her own accompaniment."

* * *

The concert given on behalf of the Church of St. Mary Magdalene by Mr. James Galloway, A.R.C.O., the organist and choirmaster, attracted a fair-sized, but enthusiastic audience to the Conservatory Music Hall on Wednesday evening of this week. The choir, consisting of some twenty boys and fifteen men, has evidently flourished under Mr. Galloway's direction, and its singing was characterized by plenty of vim and confidence, combined with good intonation. It may be said that the boys are particularly good. The choir was assisted by Mr. P. Redferne Hollinshead, whose lyric tenor voice was heard to advantage in Godard's Berceuse. Mr. John Linden contributed 'cello solos with profoundly impressive effect, and was ably accompanied by Mr. Tattersall. Master Pennel, one of the choir boys, with a clear soprano voice, won an encore by his rendering of "The Lost Chord."

* * *

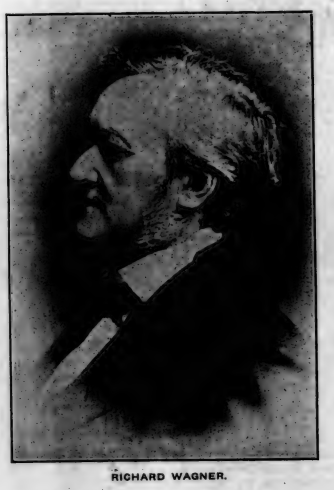
That Mr. Harry Field, our former fellow townsman, still continues his excellent work both as a piano teacher and a recitalist, the following translations of German press notices, recently received, would go to show:

The Dresden Naclinchten, of March 10th, 1909, says:

Mr. Harry Field, a teacher of the piano, highly esteemed especially in the foreign colony here, introduced a number of his advanced pianoforte pupils yesterday afternoon to a crowded audience in the hall of the "Hotel du Nord," with a success which did great honor to his method of teaching and his skill as a teacher. Pieces for one and two pianofortes by Bach, Mendelssohn, Lachner, Raff, Liszt, Chopin, Moskowsky, Bachmanmoff and J. Field were heard, some of them very difficult; but the performances were enjoyable throughout, in respect of finely developed touch, as well as of strict feeling for rhythm, clean execution, and intelligent and correct interpretation. Some of the renderings—as, for instance, that of Liszt's "Melodie Roluraise" in A flat, Chopin's "Vanaturis" in B flat, The "Preludium and Toceata" by Lachner, and the Chaconne for two pianofortes by Raff—were above the average of acceptable pupil performances. The vocal performances by Fraulein Elizabeth-Engel, a young singer who has recently made several successful appearances, were a welcome addition to the programme and very enjoyable for their own sake. The select audience gave the performers abundant encouragement in the shape of applause and bouquets.

Dresden, Auzeiger, Feb. 10, 1909:

A pleasant evening was spent at the Palmengarten on Monday (Feb. 8th) with Harry Field and M. Vernon d' Arnalle, who gave a joint concert with the assistance of Herr Karl Pretzsch as accompanist to the songs. The programme was a varied one, and excepting the pretty "Elfentanz" of Sapellnekoff, it contained nothing new. But all the well-known pieces by Chopin, Weber, Schubert, Brahms, etc., were well chosen, and they were admirably performed. Both the concert-givers are favorably known here, the pianist Mr. Field, by an orchestral concert given last winter; and the singer, M. d' Arnalle, from the part he took in one of the Philharmonic concerts. They possess in common the virtues of thoroughness and sympathetic unobtrusiveness. They are cultured virtuosi, without virtuoso pretensions; and they do not aspire to shine by peculiar characterization in details or by making the presentation of each whole work appear a brilliant and powerful effort of their own genius. They are strong, refined natures whose pleasant music never ceases to exercise an attractive influence. The numerous audience applauded both the artists very warmly. APPEGGIO.



RICHARD WAGNER.

Uncle Silas had the culprit by the scruff of the neck.

"Whaffur you steal Miss Ellen's fat pullet?" he asked between shakes.

Uncle Silas may have had some of the weaknesses of his race, but they did not extend to Miss Ellen's chicken yard. That was consecrated ground to Uncle Silas.

"I didn't steal no chickens, Uncle Silas," whimpered young Ephraim.

"Don' you lie to me, you black rascal," shaking him vigorously. "I done smell um cookin' fer supper as I come pa' las' night."

"Dat wuzn' chicken, Uncle Silas. Hit wuz"——

"Shet up, you chil' of sin," the old man interrupted with another shake; "hit am de Lawd's pity ef I don' know de fluvium ob chicken when hit comes floatin' out on de evenin' ai' t'rough de kitchen winder an' tingulates along my nostrums."

He gave Ephraim another shake and let him go. As the boy ran away Uncle Silas chuckled to himself:—I'se gotter to be mighty pertickler wid dese yer disresponsible niggers dat don' invite de right kin' of folks when dey has chicken fer supper. 'Deed I has!"—New York Herald.

The Female Gadder is a lady who has plenty of money and who travels. She spends her time on railroads and steamers and in hotels. She flits from place to place with resistless energy. She knows everything—and nothing. She has European labels all over her mind. She is a cosmopolite, not an individual. She had skimmed the cream from a hundred hotel lobbies. She can go through an art gallery and a railway station with equal skill. She has absorbed the atmosphere of baggage rooms and bon marches. She is stylish, chatty and unimaginative, for having seen everything, she has been shorn of visions. To fall in love with her would be like embracing a Cook's tour. She is never in a hurry except when she has nothing to do. She adapts herself to everybody with delightful *sang-froid*, but is restless in a tete-a-tete. She has learned not to care too much for clothes. She can make herself understood in any language but silence. She is unlocal. Her knowledge consists in having seen the things that someone else has made a study of.—Life.

"Pa—pa—where's the shoe horn, quick!"

"I don't know. What do you want the shoe horn for?"

"Ma's got stuck half way in her new dress and can't get it on or off."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The individual who does the most talking about his mansion in the sky generally has it pretty heavily mortgaged.—Philadelphia Record.

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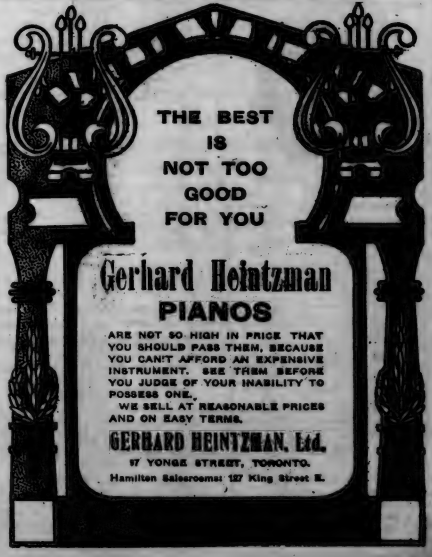

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ANECDOTAL

AN English artist was complaining of his luck to a friend of his, a young lady.

"And to think," cried the artist, "that this picture, this great work of art—though I say it—was rejected by that decrepit and fat-headed institution the Royal Academy!"

"It's a shame!" agreed the young lady who stood by his side, regarding the masterpiece, "I think it is a lovely picture, Mr. Splashleigh! It fairly makes my mouth water, it is so realistic!"

Splashleigh dropped his paint-brush.

"Mouth water" he exclaimed. "How can Mount Vesuvius in eruption make your mouth water?"

"Yes, yes; of course, it's Mount Vesuvius! How stupid of me!" replied the lady. "For the moment I thought it was a rum omelette!"

* * *

OF brave deeds done upon the battlefield, amid the thunder of cannons, and the cries of wounded and dying, of heroes of the V.C. and great generals who rose from small beginnings, the English teacher told her class, firing them with enthusiasm for their Mother Country.

"Please, miss," cried one little girl excitedly, "my father was in the Boer War!"

"And did he fight in any of the battles?" inquired the mistress.

"Oh, yes!" answered the little maid. "'E was at Graspan an' Modder River an' Pardyburg an'—"

"And was he wounded in any of them?" pursued the teacher.

The little girl's face fell.

"No, miss; he wasn't wounded," she replied. And then she brightened again. "But, please, miss 'e 'ad a awful 'eadache!"

* * *

A WORKING man and an upholder of the aristocracy had been discussing the merits of their respective classes hammer and tongs in a third-class compartment of an English train.

"Well," said the black-coated one at last "I'm nearing my station. It's been a good discussion, and, if you care ever to continue it, here's my card, sir with my name and address."

The working man took the oblong bit of board gingerly, and slowly spelt out the name—P-t-h-o-r-n-e.

"H'm!" he grunted. "And 'ow do yer pronounce it?"

"Thorne," said the aristocrat—"plain Thorne."

"There you are again!" growled the man. "Didn't I say as you fellers was all trimmin's and no backbone? Wot's the good of the 'P'? You don't pronounce it, do yer?"

"Well," responded the aristocrat, "if it comes to that, my good fellow, what's the good of a 'h' in 'orse?.'

* * *

A COLORED Divine in the South recently told Booker Washington of what, in his opinion, was the most extraordinary wedding ceremony he had ever witnessed or, indeed, of which he had ever heard.

"Have you no witnesses?" asked the officiating minister of a couple of negroes who had presented themselves for the performance of the marriage ceremony.

Both replied that they had not, expressing surprise that this formality was at all necessary.

"Where kin we git some witnesses?" asked the bride of the prospective groom, who, as well as herself, was a stranger in those parts.

"I'll go an' look around an' see," said the man.

"All right, Jim," said the woman. "You go an' I'll wait heah till yo' gits back."

Jim then set out as desired, and, after a long while, returned with two young colored women one of whom was considerably younger than the bride-to-be.

The parties were then properly disposed and the clergyman was about to proceed with the ceremony, when suddenly the groom exclaimed:

"Jest a minute, minister!"

"What is it now?" asked the minister.

"I was jest goin' to say dat, ef it's jest de same to you, I'd rather have that one," continued the man, with a gesture toward the young witness.

"That's a remarkable decision to make at this stage of the proceedings," returned the minister, amazed. "Isn't it a little late to talk of such a thing now?"

"Dat so, minister?" queried the man, with a note of disappointment in his voice. Then, after a moment's pause, he added, resignedly:

"Oh, well, I s'pose yo' might as well go on wid de ceremony!"

THE ROBINSONS' TRIP TO PARIS

"Hold on, M'ria! Before you go right off, tell me the French for Sal Volatile."—Punch.

* * *

"THE dew was falling fast the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice; it said: 'Drink, pretty creature, drink!'"

"Children," said the teacher, "those are two of the most beautiful and poetical lines ever penned in the English language! They were written by that great man Wordsworth—perhaps the noblest of our bards, after William Shakespeare and Milton. Now, I want to see if you can memorize them. Tommy Butterworth, what are they?"

For a moment Butterworth, the Manchester marvel, pondered. Then he brightened considerably as recollection dawned, and he began:

"T' neet wor comin' on, an' t' mooin 'ud sooin be up,
Ah 'eeard a voice 'at said, 'Sup, tha caufheead, sup!'"

* * *

"YOUR folks must be mighty exceptionally fond of eggplant," remarked the grocer's clerk to the deacon's son when the two met after the church services one Sunday. "Your father ordered two dozen of 'em yesterday."

"Oh that's easily explained. You see, dad's been reading about the latest methods of chicken-raising, and he decided to try the business. Although the books advised beginners to purchase adult fowls, dad decided it was better to start with the eggplant."

* * *

MAGISTRATE and prisoner faced one another in court.

"Come, come!" exclaimed the magistrate testily. "You claim that this man asaulted you, and that you did not even attempt to defend yourself from his attack?"

"That's so!" chimed in the prisoner, with a complacent air.

"How do you explain the fact, then," thundered the J.P., "that in three places he bears the marks of your teeth?"

"Why," explained the prisoner blandly, "'e 'urt me so when 'e was a-poundin' of me that I 'ad to 'ave something to bite on, or I couldn't 'a' stood it!"

* * *

THE English papers print quite a lot of little stories in which the smart Yankee gets the better in repartee of the stolid Englishman. Perhaps these anecdotes help the sale of the penny weeklies among Americans visiting England during the summer. Here is a sample of this sort of anecdote taken from one of the aforesaid penny weeklies:

"Ya-as," drawled the Yankee, "I once knoo a man sir, who fell off a window-sill in a flat twenty storeys high, and never hurt himself, beyond a few bruises."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"True!" asserted the Yankee. "Up there he was busy cleanin' the window, and he fell right off!"

"Oh, bosh!" objected his listener. "How could that be?"

"Waal, sir," drawled the other, "you see, he just happened luckily to fall inside!"

* * *

MARK TWAIN at a dinner at the Authors' Club the other day said: "Speaking of fresh eggs, I am reminded of the town of Squash. In my early lecturing days I went to Squash to lecture in Temperance Hall, arriving in the afternoon. The town seemed very poorly billed. I thought I'd find out if the people knew anything at all about what was in store for them. So I turned in at the general store.

"'Good afternoon, friend,' I said to the general storekeeper. 'Any entertainment here to-night to help a stranger while away his evening?'

"The general storekeeper, who was sorting mackerel, straightened up, wiped his briny hands on his apron, and said:

"'I expect there's goin' to be a lecture. I been sellin' eggs all day.'"

* * *

"THESE are indeed days of progress in all lines," observes a New York woman. "I had advertised for a French maid. The chic, trim young Gallic person who first applied took my fancy for a moment or so, but when our negotiations touched upon the question of salary my illusion was dissipated. Producing a highly chased silver case from her coat pocket, she proffered me a cigarette, saying:

"'Do, please, madam, take a smoke! It's so much easier to discuss these little matters while enjoying a cigarette!'"

* * *

DURING Governor Rollins's administration, a representative of the legislature of New Hampshire from one of the rural districts in the northern section of the State was presented to the governor for the first time. Being somewhat unfamiliar with "State House etiquette," he addressed his excellency as "Most High."

The governor informed the gentleman from the rural district that there was but one "Most High He who had made everything from nothing."

"Well, governor," replied the country legislator, "I'll give you credit for making a justice of the peace out of a man up in my town that is about as near to nothing as ever walked on two legs."

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I have drawn here the picture of a luscious Bartlett pear; now—

With a few more lines we have Professor Bartlett with a luscious nose."—Harper's Weekly.

The flavor lingers.
The aroma lingers.
The pleasure lingers.
And you will linger over your cup of CHASE & SANBORN'S SEAL BRAND COFFEE.
In 1 and 2 pound tin cans. Never in bulk.

THE CHARM OF THE ANTIQUE

Any genuine antique possesses a charm that can never be held by the new or novel. Old furniture, rare china, time-worn brass, all have an attraction for the art lover.

But you must be sure your antiques are genuine. You can be certain of the authenticity and intrinsic worth of all Jenkins Antiques.

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By having us clean, press or dye your soiled, wrinkled or faded clothing.
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POUDRE ◆ SAVON
Unrivalled for the preservation of the skin

From all Chemists and Perfumers

Thoroughness in Construction
INSURES
Gourlay Pianos

against loss of tone, and tone is the most important factor in any piano. In every Gourlay piano, the expert knowledge of its builders and the determination to use *nothing but the best*, either in labor or material, produces a sympathetic richness of tone that is unmatchable among Canadian pianos.

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Use

Electricity for lighting the home, in the laundry for ironing the clothes. Electricity is cheaper in

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than in any city of equal size in America. We will send a specialist to plan your

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Department to send you an ELECTRIC IRON FREE, for 30 days' trial.

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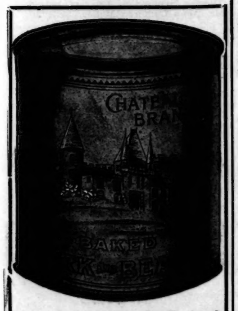

Chateau Brand Baked Beans are Rich in Nourishing Properties

A tin of Chateau Brand Baked Beans, sufficient for four persons, costs 20c.

Eighty-four per cent. of this is straight nourishment.

To obtain the same amount of nourishment from beef would cost three times as much.

Nothing offers a more delicious or more appetizing meal than a tin of Chateau Brand Baked Beans, either plain or with tomato sauce.

You've got to eat Chateau Brand Baked Beans to know what a delicacy beans are when properly prepared.

In the cooking of Chateau Brand Baked Beans all the particles of the bean are broken up. This makes them mealy and digestible.

A good sized savory slice of choice young pork is found in every tin.

Follow the special recipes which will be found on the labels.

Prices, 10c., 15c. and 20c.

WM. CLARK, Mfr.
MONTREAL.

Lady Gay's Column

A WOMAN indignantly asks: "Why do you say men won't smuggle as well as women?" There, there, dear woman, don't waste energy until you think it over. If you ask me a good reason for my remark, I might give this one: A man's costume never was built for concealment of contraband purchases. I dare say a Turk or an Arab or any of those flowing-garbed men folk would enter into smuggling schemes as briskly as any border dweller of the fair sex in our own land.

By this time next week Toronto will be in the hands of an invading army of women. They will be making speeches, reading papers, suggesting reforms along various lines, passing resolutions, and generally raising a dust. From all progressive and alert countries they are arriving to spend a fortnight in the Queen City. And, perhaps, there will be some who return after many years, and as they skim in a taxi over scores of miles of asphalt, and pass section after section of residential, commercial and educational architectural triumphs, they will recall the bumpy cedar blocks, the wooden pathways, the infrequent gas-lamps, the old horse cars and busses, the exciting pitch-holes into which we collapsed in the spring thaws, all the uncouth earmarks of Toronto of a quarter of a century ago. And they will marvel at what those twenty-five years have brought us.

I hear of an enterprising firm patronized by women who, in view of the interest taken in a coming smart wedding, have been exhibiting to customers with some coyness and hesitation, some exquisite *lingerie*, at the same time confidentially murmuring that it is part of the bride's trousseau in preparation by them. I also hear that the articles are not ordered by the bride nor do they form any part of her trousseau. It's a fairly good stroke of advertising, until it's exposed.

Persons, who, through real modesty, shyness, or one of those nervous shrinkings from sorrow and bereavement, neglect to pen or speak a simple word of condolence to a friend under a burden of grief, miss a golden opportunity of strengthening and sweetening the life of the world. It's only a trifle to write a line saying: "I am sorry." A handclasp isn't much, but it warms the heart of the desolate and afflicted, at a time when it is extra sensitive to such kindly and human touches. Palaver and tiresome truisms vex the wound when it is raw, but the prompt, terse and simple word of sympathy is a balm of Gilead.

Hurrah for closer trade relations with Newfoundland! My beauty on the east shore has sent me a warm postal order and an order which she, not I, describe as "cool," an order to buy her a hat of superlative *chic* and quality. And being given the chance to further trade relations which I believe in (and no word of confederation, which I abhor), I've consumed some valuable time, the amount of the postal order and all the superlatives in my repertoire, endeavouring to impress the milliner with the importance of the transaction. To secure a wooden box in which the grand "lid" may safely journey to its far home on the east shore, was to overcome that obstinacy of reiteration in the whole staff of the millinery room which drives one to murderous thoughts in their direction. "We don't ship in wooden boxes. It will go perfectly safe in these heavy pasteboards," said the entire assembly. "If you don't hunt up or construct or somehow supply a wooden box, I don't intend to take the grand hat," was what I repeated, parrotlike, to each encore. What could these city sparrows know of the chances for its life that grand hat would take? Of the quintals of fish that might be dumped on it, or the tired old fisherman who might sit on it, or the all and sundry perils of wind, wave, and curiosity it might be up against between here and yonder? But, finally, after weary confabs, and messages to mysterious treasure houses,, and patronizing smiles and much heart-burning, they got a wooden box in which the grand hat has gone east at last. And I can see the pretty face at the many-paned window of the spotless square kitchen, peeping out on the waste of waters as the steamer draws near, and I can hear the big, quiet voice of the white-haired master of the house calling "Girl! Girl! here's your Toronto hat." And now she will bridle and prink and smile when that adorable hat, with its wide brim and its wreath of dark red roses, rests on her pretty head! If she had only sent for it in time, she might have won out first instead of second in that Beauty Competition! I am seriously thinking of toting a camera out to the east shore this summer, just to get you a snapshot of the "girl" in her grand hat! I'm sure you'd admire it.

LADY GAY.

A Directoire Frock.

LONG languid lines unbroken by a frill,
Superfluous festoons reduced to nil,
A figure like a seal reared up on end,
And poking forward with a studied bend;

A shortish neck imprisoned in a ruff,
Skin-fitting sleeves that show a stint of stuff,
A waist promoted halfway up the back,
And not a shred that's comfortably slack;

A "busby" toque extinguishing the hair
As if a giant hand had crushed it there—
A multitude of buttons, row on row,
Not there for business—merely there for show,
A skirt whose meagre gores necessitate
The waddle of a Chinese lady's gait;

As if a giant hand had crushed it there—
Behold the latest mode! and writ beneath
"A winter blossom bursting from its 'sheath'."

—Punch.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

A Remarkable Office Building.

IN the new $750,000 five-story fire-proof office building which the Armours have put up in Chicago for their office force of 1,200 the latest ideas for such construction have been incorporated. Light being the most important single factor in office efficiency, the structure takes the shape of the letter E. On all the exposed sides there are windows, except for the outside of the short middle stroke, which holds the vaults. Each floor contains 140,000 square feet, yet the farthest distance of any desk from a window is 40 feet.

The ceilings are about fifteen and a half feet high. Eight hundred tall windows break the walls, placed in sets of three every six feet on all four sides of the building. Partitions have been eliminated as far as possible. Broad aisles alone make the divisions between the departments.

Even the private offices are glass walled down to a foot wainscotting, and at that,says System, private offices are only for a few executive heads who have many conferences or confidential work. As a rule one consultation room for confidential business serves the needs of several department heads.

Fifteen hundred electric glower lamps set close to the ceiling nine feet apart and controlled in groups from several switchboards set into the walls on each floor at convenient locations furnish the artificial light. This arrangement was carefully studied. Four ninety candle-power lamps are spaced equi distantly in each bay. The lamps are twelve feet above the desks and provide an abundance of light. At each switchboard a meter shows the current used in each group.

Windows here have but one purpose. They let in the light. None is opened for ventilation. Except for the middle window of each set they are double sashed and immovable. A complete system of tile ducts in the walls carries fresh air to the rooms through registers in the walls near the ceiling and leads away the foul air through similar openings near the floor.

Fresh filtered air is pumped into the distributing system of ducts by a fan in the basement. The air is drawn through a bank of pipes through which cold water or steam is sent, depending upon whether cool or warm air is necessary. This purifies the air and heats it in winter—cools it in summer. Another big fan on the roof draws out the foul air.

Automatic thermostats hold the winter temperature constant at any desired point. In summer the air is never kept more than six degrees cooler than the outside temperature. A greater difference in thermometer readings is conducive to colds.

The building is like a small town in itself, with its restaurant, barber shop, soda tountain, smoking rooms, rest rooms and apparel lockers.

HIGH HONOR TO A CANADIAN DAIRY.

Messrs. Price and Sons Represented Canada Well in American Competition.

SCORE WAS 95 PER CENT.

Champions of Certified as Well as Pasteurized Milk Are Jubilant.

It will be a source of gratification to Toronto people to know that this city possesses in the dairy of S. Price & Sons, Limited, one which ranks in efficiency among the very best in the world. That this statement is no idle boast is shown in the fact that the company made an exhibit of its certified milk at the Milk Show recently held at Cincinnati, open to the world, and were awarded third place, their score being 95 per cent. When it is considered that the milk sent from Toronto was not refrigerated, nor sent in charge of anyone, but was despatched only in the ordinary way by express, the showing is a most remarkable one. Mr. C. B. Lane, who was in charge of the Market Milk Investigations in the United States and is at the head of the United States Department of Agriculture, as well as an author on agricultural and dairy subjects of international reputation, has written S. Price & Sons, Limited, congratulating them on their showing, and concluding as follows: "I congratulate you most highly on the high quality of the product you exhibited." It might be added that the bacteria count of the ordinary market milk will reach as high as seven millions per cubic centimetre, whereas in the test at Cincinnati the milk sent from Erindale Farm went only 300 per cubic centimetre, which undoubtedly would have been much lower had there been proper refrigeration on the express car, and showing the high state of efficiency of the system in use on the farm of S. Price & Sons, Limited. The bacteria count demanded by the Toronto Milk Commission at the present time is to be not over 10,000 bacteria per cubic centimetre.

As laid down by the Milk Commission, the requirements for certified milk are extremely stringent and can only be met in full at present by the expenditure of time, thought, and money. Until 1894, even pasteurized milk was unknown among Canadian consumers. In that year, however, Price & Sons imported the system from the United States in the face of public prejudice and in spite of the ridicule of competitors who were afterwards glad to imitate.

The introduction of certified milk was a more difficult step, but here, strange to say, Price & Sons anticipated the law by about three years. Since 1906 they have been selling certified milk; and, owing to the lack of a commission which would affix the official seal, they certified it themselves upon their own special tests.

When the local commission was formed and its regulations laid down, it is interesting to note that S. Price & Sons, Limited, were in a position to meet every requirement immediately without making a single alteration in their plant, the only milk dealers in Toronto able to do so.

Erindale Farm, with its 600 acres of fertile land, its semi-private river, and its magnificent stables, is the concrete example of the following requirements demanded by the Commission for the production of certified milk.

In nearly every case Price & Sons, Limited, have anticipated these wise regulations which have been established at Erindale Farm for years.

The Grey County Old Boys' and Girls' Association have arranged for their eighth annual excursion to Owen Sound and Markdale, to take place on Saturday, July 17, and return the following Monday.

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited
56 Years' Growth in Merchandising

THE
Gossard
CORSETS
"They Lace in Front"

Represent an entirely new idea in correct construction. They are the original Front-lacing Corsets, but that is only one good feature. Their habit, or closed, back makes them ideal in producing the "new back" effect. They are snugly hip-fitting, produce that long, slender, graceful slope so much admired. They are healthful, too; are prescribed by physicians as tending to give support where most needed, to improve the breathing, and induce an erect and proper bearing. But you can learn the advantages of the Gossard for yourself better than we can tell them to you.

The High Standing
—OF—
DENTZ & GOLDERMANN'S
GOLD LACK BRUT
CHAMPAGNE
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is evidenced by the fact that it was specially selected for banquets presided by

His Majesty King Edward VII,
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The President of the French Republic,
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H.R.H. Duke of Connaught,
The Lord Mayor of London,
The Lord Mayor of Dublin, etc., etc.

May be obtained at principal wine merchants, clubs, hotels, and restaurants.

THE WM. MARA CO.
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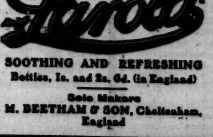
IT HAS NO EQUAL For KEEPING THE SKIN Soft, Smooth and White at All Seasons

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations"



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SOOTHING AND REFRESHING
Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (in England)
Sole Makers
M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England

It Entirely Removes and Prevents ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, IRRITATION, ETC.

It is unequalled as a SKIN TONIC as well as an EMOLLIENT

AT a military and naval club one evening a group of officers, most of them young men, were swapping stories of various engagements during a recent war.

Among the silent listeners was one grizzled veteran, a naval commander of national renown. It must have occurred to one of the young men that it was peculiarly ludicrous that officers not long out of the academies should be holding forth with respect to their exploits, while this old fellow sat silent in a corner. So, turning to the veteran, one of the young officers blithely asked:

"What was the longest engagement you ever participated in, Admiral?"

"It lasted three years," said the old chap, without a suspicion of a smile, "and, worst of all, the young woman married another man."

JOHN KAY COMPANY

GIFTS UNIQUE

IN

Fancy Furniture, Pottery, Bric-a-Brac, etc.

WE show this June an uncommonly fine collection of quaint and beautiful things suitable for wedding gifts. It embraces a host of those small decorative articles in fancy furniture, bric-a-brac, pottery and brassware that add so much to the comfort and appearance of the home and are therefore so delightfully acceptable to the newly wed.

Every item in this list covers a wide range in design and price:

Fancy Tables
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Fancy Chairs
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Etc., etc.

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Etc., etc.

JOHN KAY COMPANY, Limited
36 AND 38 KING ST. WEST

SAVE YOUR FLOORS AND CARPETS

By Using the Onward Sliding Furniture Shoe.

FOR METAL BEDS

An invention that is revolutionizing things in the way of an article to take the place of the old-fashioned wheel castor on all kinds of Furniture, Metal Bedsteads and Pianos. Neat in appearance, cheap in price, easily attached, do absolutely no damage to hardwood floors, carpets or matting, perfectly noiseless, and move easier than a castor. Made in all sizes and styles. Two kinds, Mott Metal and Glass Base. The shoes being made adjustable, will move over any uneven surface there may be in the floor.

If your Furniture or Hardware Dealer cannot supply you, write us, and when you buy Furniture or Metal Beds, request to have same equipped with the Sliding Furniture Shoe. Write for free circular.

ONWARD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, BERLIN, ONT.

"Ideal" Orchid Perfume

The fascinating, fragrant odor that pleases particular women.

Ask your Druggist for It.

"Men's Shoes of the Better Class."

Artistic Masterpieces

from the Factories of the World's Most Famous Shoe Makers.

Boston is the acknowledged centre for the production of the finest shoes.

Boston manufacturers contribute a large proportion of our stock—the most varied and complete collection of footwear ever shown in Toronto.

There's not a commonplace shoe in the entire collection—nor is there a single pair that will not prove exceptional value at our $5.00 price.

Drop in to-day and let us show you some of the newest ideas in footwear.

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Phone M. 4758 V. J. McCabe

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Entrances from Victoria and from Hotel Rotunda

WEEK-END TRIPS.

The low rates offered by the Grand Trunk Railway System for week-end trips should appeal strongly to those who wish an enjoyable outing at small cost. Return tickets are issued at single fare with ten cents added to a great many points in Ontario; good going Saturday or Sunday, valid returning Monday. Why not take the 10.15 a.m. Muskoka Express Saturday, spend Saturday afternoon and Sunday in the beautiful Mukoka district, and arrive in Toronto 3.10 p.m. Monday.

For tickets and full information, call at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone Main 4209.

A YOUNG Bostonian went to Texas and turned cowboy. He rapidly caught the spirit of the country and as rapidly shook off the outward semblance of tender-footed Eastern habit. Rough bearded, leatherclad, sombrero as wide as the widest, forty-two calibre Colts on his hips, he was as wild as the wildest. Yet within his bosom still burned the flame of Boston culture and refinement.

One day, he was riding with a stranger across the prairie. Turning his head suddenly (he was slightly ahead) he saw his companion make a suspicious motion toward his hip-pocket. Without hesitation he drew his revolver and shot him. The stranger dropped like a log. The cowboy dismounted and looked at the body of his victim.

"I wonder if he was really going to shoot me" he soliloquized; "I'll see."

Turning the body over, he discovered a flask of whisky protruding from the pocket.

"Poor fellow!" said he, in a tone of regret; "I've made a mistake. I've killed an innocent man and a gentleman at that. He wasn't going to shoot me; he was going to invite me to have a drink. Well," he sighed, drawing his sleeve across his mouth, "the last wishes of the deceased shall be respected."

Miss Uncertainage (coyly)—Two head are better than one, you know. Young Goodcatch (clutching his hat)—Yes—ah—but don't you know, I don't want to be a freak.—Vogue.

SOCIETY

CAMP at Niagara-on-the-Lake next week will attract many Torontonians for a sail across the water. On Thursday and Friday nights, under General Cotton's patronage, Miss Merritt will produce "The Masque of Empire," in which the cadets of Ridley College will take part. No less a critic than Professor Mavor has said that this clever entertainment is "well worth seeing." Miss Aileen Robertson is going to sing, and I hear she has a beautiful voice. The presentation of the programme will take about an hour and a half, after which the Casino will be cleared for a dance. I believe the officers are to attend in uniform.

The May meeting of the O. J. C. will go on record as a fortnight and a day, without one wet afternoon. A little abuse by narrow-minded persons seemed to spur up the weatherman to do his best for the success of the meet, and we're greatly obliged to him. The last day was most enjoyable, and the attendance splendid. A great many went on to the Hunt Club for dinner afterwards.

The Misses Sternberg have forwarded one hundred and thirty-five dollars to Mr. J. S. Robertson, secretary-treasurer, as the result of their concert on May 17, at Association Hall, for the benefit of the Toronto and Muskoka Free Hospitals for Consumptives.

The wedding next Wednesday is the topic of discussion in many smart coteries these days. Dr. Vogt, the bride's former piano teacher, is to play the organ. The bridal gown is a dream of rich beauty, and the splendid train is that which the bride-elect wore on her presentation. Some of the bridal gifts are really unique, one of countless pieces of exquisitely painted china represents the loving labor of her mother for many moons, and will be prized accordingly.

Mrs. Plummer gave an informal dance at Sylvan Tower on Wednesday evening. I heard a whisper of one to be given at Benvenuto shortly.

Mr. W. G. A. Lambe is giving a reception next Wednesday at 4.30 to meet the Australian delegates to the International Council of Women. Mr. Lambe is from Australia. The reception will be held at Falling Brook, Queen street east. To avoid confusion as to the location of the reception, I might mention that the name of Falling Brook was given to the Lambe residence, and afterwards was bestowed also upon Mr. D. D. Mann's country home. As a matter of fact, Mr. and Mrs. Lambe "saw it first."

Mr. Ramsay, formerly of Toronto, now residing near Edinburgh, has been in Canada on business this month, and brought out Miss Ramsay with him. The sad death of Mrs. Ramsay in the South of France a few months ago precluded the visitors from taking in any of the gay doings of the past three weeks. I believe they have now left Toronto.

Race Wagers in India.

THE native of India wagers his money according to the colors worn by the jockeys and takes no heed of the merits of the horses, or he will back a horse ridden by his favorite jockey, no matter whether the animal is a rank outsider or not.

His ideas of gambling, in fact, are distinctly novel. Some of the more wealthy Indians (says Tit-Bits) form rings and back every horse in the race, thus gaining the satisfaction of getting a winner every time. It is really only of late years that the native of India has become an habitual gambler on the turf, and nowadays the bulk of the betting of the various racing centres in India is done by natives. Indeed, the authorities are becoming somewhat concerned about the growth of the betting which takes place among Indian natives, it being asserted that as many as thirty lacs of rupees (about £300,000) is lost and won in the course of a season.

The ignorant masses have not a great deal of actual money to wager, but so badly bitten are many of them with the craze for betting at race meetings that they frequently wager what little property they possess on a horse, and if they lose they simply replace their loss by stealing a neighbor's goods. The consequence is that when the racing season comes around the police are kept very busy dealing with cases of petty larceny and other crimes involving loss of property.

Don't try to drown your troubles in the flowing bowl. Troubles are expert swimmers.—Life.

Lake Shore Country Club.

This club, which it will be remembered bought Lorne Park, will soon be ready for occupation. The cuts

show the progress made on the new club building. An army of carpenters, plumbers, plasterers and decorators are rapidly finishing their work. The furniture and fittings will be installed about the end of the month.

A chef is on the way from Europe to take charge of the cuisine. The bowling green is in fine shape, and everything indicates that this club will be another attraction to the many which draw people to Toronto.

That Suit of Hers.

"JOHN, dear, may I interrupt you just a moment?" timidly began Mrs. Tibbs.

"Yes, dear," replied Tibbs, laying down his paper.

"I want to talk to you about my suit. I am worried to death about it."

"What suit is it, my dear? You don't need another suit, do you? You just got a suit."

"John! How can you say such a thing? You know I haven't had a suit for a long time," retorted Mrs. Tibbs. "Anyway, you said I could have it."

"Oh, did I? Well, how about the suit you just got? The suit we've been talking about so long?"

"That's the suit I mean."

"I am quite sure you told me the other day that you had ordered it."

"Well, you never more than half listen to what I say." She fished two samples out of her portemonnaie. "Now I want you to tell me honestly which of these you like better. Please put your mind on it for just a minute."

Tibbs took the samples and eyed them languidly.

"When did you get them?" he asked.

"Those are the same that I showed you before."

Tibbs looked at them a little more closely.

"So they are," he admitted, "but why are you asking me about them again? Do you think I'll change my mind?"

"Which do you really like?" she went on, ignoring his question.

"I told you the other day I liked the light goods," he answered rather abruptly and tossed them into her lap.

"That's just the trouble. Men have such queer taste. I hoped you'd like the dark stuff."

"Do you like the dark thing better?" asked her husband.

"No. It does not make a particle of difference to me. Auntie likes the dark cloth better, though, and Mabel likes the light, but she's going to get a light suit made the same way and I didn't want them to be so near alike. We go out together so much, you know. But Mabel was awfully nice about it. She thought it might be nice if they were something alike. Goodness! I don't want to make a mistake."

"I don't see how you can make a mistake," said her husband reassuringly. "If you like them both it makes no difference which you take. Shut your eyes and grab."

"Why can't you treat it seriously? I suppose you men simply don't understand."

"I admit I don't understand. You asked my advice and I gave it the best I could," he replied.

"Well, what is it you don't like about the dark material?"

"I thought it looked rather cheap. That's all."

"Now isn't that funny? You think the dark looks cheap and I think the light looks cheap, and besides it seems kind of sleazy. That's the reason I ordered the dark."

"So you've ordered it after all? You just said you didn't order it."

"What I said was that I didn't order it the other day."

"What is the argument for if it's all settled?"

"I can change the order easy enough. Of course I wouldn't think of taking the dark if you think it looks cheap."

"I didn't say it looked cheap."

"You certainly did. You said it looked cheap."

"Well, if I did I didn't mean it. What I meant was that it looked comparatively cheap. Compared to the other, you know."

"Well, don't you think the light stuff looks kind of sleazy?"

"Maybe it is, but that's one reason I like it."

"Well, if I can't get the dark goods perhaps I'll take the light after all."

"What do you mean by not being able to get it? I thought you said you had already ordered it."

"I did, but Monsieur Blanc, you know, only has the samples. He has to send out and buy the material after you select it. He said he'd call me up this evening and tell me whether he could get it or not. He knows I'm worried to death. There's the telephone now. I'll bet you that's who it is."

"Now what do you think of that? Isn't it exasperating?" she exclaimed upon her return to the library after a long conversation with the tailor.

"What's wrong now?"

"He says he can't get the dark cloth."

"That's good," exclaimed her husband. "That puts an end to the argument."

"Why, John, how stupid! Don't you see that he tells me he can't get the dark goods because he wants to sell me the light material?"

"I don't see how that follows at all. He doesn't care which he sells you. He wants you to be satisfied."

"Then that makes it worse. If the dark is really all sold out, it proves what I thought, that it is the best. Goodness! I don't know what in the world to do."

"You'll have to do something. What did you tell him?"

"I told him to go ahead with the light. What else could I tell him?"

Tibbs heaved a sigh of relief and picked up his paper.

"Now just one more question, John, and I won't bother you any more. How would you have the skirt made, pleated or plain? They're making them both ways. Now auntie thinks—"

"Gee whizz!" interrupted Tibbs, rising and jerking out his watch. "I almost forgot an important engagement. I'm half an hour late as it is. I'll not be out late. Don't wait up."

"You ought to save money for your family." "Yes, but—" "But what?" "My family won't let me."—Cleveland Leader.

SENATOR HERNANDO DE SOTO MONEY of Mississippi, it is said, has the ability to be more acutely annoying than almost any other American senator when he starts. And he starts at slight provocation. One of the stories current in Washington is of a certain aged correspondent, who may be called Dan Smith.

"Poor old Dan," said one friend to another. "He's getting horribly absent-minded—can't even recognize faces."

"And why?" asked the other friend.

"Told me to-day he had had a pleasant talk with Senator Money."

Like the Bank of England the Bank of France is now guarded every night by soldiers, who do sentry duty outside the building, a watch being likewise kept inside its precincts; but within quite recent times, says The Strand, the officials at the French bank resorted to a very novel method of protecting their bullion. This consisted in engaging masons to wall up the doors of the vaults in the cellar with hydraulic mortar as soon as the money was deposited each day in these receptacles. The water was then turned on and kept running until the whole cellar was flooded. A burglar would be obliged to work in a diving suit and break down a cement wall before he could even begin to plunder the vaults. When the bank officials arrived next morning the water was drawn off, the masonry torn down and the vaults opened. Curiously enough, within a few months after this obsolete manner of protecting the bank's cash was done away with, burglars did actually get into the vaults and decamp with about $45,000 in gold coin.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

BIETTE—On Tuesday, June 8th, 1909, at Grace Hospital, Toronto, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Biette, a daughter.

FETHERSTONHAUGH—On June 8, 1909, at 249 Brunswick avenue, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Fetherstonhaugh, a daughter.

FINCH-NOYES—On Wednesday, June 9, 1909, at Hamilton, the wife of G. R. Finch-Noyes, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

MIMMS—GORRIE—At Beverley Street Baptist Church, Toronto, on June 9th, 1909, by Rev. W. Harris Wallace, Harry R. Mimms, of Okotoks, Alberta, Manager Merchants Bank, to Ellen E. Gorrie, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Gorrie, 623 Euclid avenue, Toronto.

HULET—CRAIG—On Saturday, June 5, 1909, at 48 Howland avenue, Toronto, by the Rev. John MacNeill, B.A., Mary Alice, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Craig, Cocanada, India, to Mr. Alfred E. Hulet, of Norwich, Ontario.

LOVE—GAGE—On Tuesday, June 8, 1909, at the Metropolitan Church, by the Rev. Dr. Tovell, assisted by Rev. Dr. S. Cleaver, Eva Burnside, eldest daughter of Mr. W. J. Gage, to Harry Hayward Love, both of Toronto.

McFEE—SYMINGTON—On Wednesday, June 9th, at the residence of the bride's brother-in-law, Mr. W. A. Stevens, Chatham, by Rev. J. J. Patterson, of St. Andrew's Church, Sarnia, Amy Isabell Symington, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Symington, Esq., of Sarnia, to Mr. Allan Cameron McFee, Belleville.

DEATHS.

ANDERSON—Suddenly on Tuesday evening, June 8, 1909, Dr. J. N. Anderson, of No. 5 College street.

WATT—On Tuesday, June 8, 1909, at his home, 76 Brant avenue, Brantford, William Watt, Sheriff of Brant County.

BARBER—In London, England, on May 23rd, Georgina Herrick Barber, widow of the late Alfred G. Barber, of Orpington, Kent, England, and youngest daughter of the late James F. Smith.

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It is fortunate for all those who are purchasing wedding presents in Toronto that they live in such proximity to the largest collection of Antique Brassware in this country. No present is handsomer, more acceptable, more unique and useful than Oriental Brassware. Our prices are the lowest in Canada. We ask you to look at our assortment.

Rugs Cleaned-Storage Free

All Rug owners know that moths love rugs. Dust accumulates in rugs beyond the reach of brooms, shaking or beating, and moths are sure to lodge there. Washing—by the Persian process—is the only safe and thorough way of getting rid of both dirt and moths and their eggs. We advise all Rug owners to have their rugs washed once a year. Our prices are very reasonable. Storage for the summer free when desired.

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There is a Boeckh Brush for every purpose—the one brush that will do its own particular kind of work best and with the least trouble. It pays to have the right kind of brush—it also pays to have the *right make* of brush.

We've been making Boeckh Brushes for over half a century. We've put the material and workmanship into them that have kept them the standard of excellence all those years. When you buy any kind of a brush, you'll do well to remember the name—

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Specially designed to get in between the coils where no other brush will go, and where dust is sure to collect.

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The Home Beer

A beer may taste all right—and yet not BE all right.

Beer, not properly aged—"green"—will make you bilious.

Beer, not pure or improperly brewed, will upset the stomach and be absolutely unhealthful.

O'KEEFE'S "Pilsener" Lager is brewed with filtered water, choicest hops and pure barley malt. It is always fully aged, filtered again before bottling and pasteurized.

It is the ideal Beer for the Home.

As famous for purity, as for its delightful flavor.

Insist that your dealer always send O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER."

"The Light Beer in The Light Bottle" (REGISTERED)

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO., LIMITED TORONTO. 60

The Prince of Wales recently paid a remarkable tribute to the value and the necessity of advertising in presiding over the first meeting of the Royal Commission for the Brussels, Rome, and Turin exhibitions at Marlborough House. "Experience has shown," his royal highness said, "that even in the case of firms having an established reputation and world-wide connections, attempts to discontinue advertising have usually been followed by a diminution in the sales effected. The neglect by Great Britain of one of the most important forms of national advertising would be equally detrimental to her interests as a manufacturing country. The lords commissioners of the treasury have consented to ask Parliament for a grant in aid of the cost of organizing exhibits for these exhibitions, and the principal railway and steamship companies have expressed their willingness to assist in promoting the success of the British sections by according substantial reductions of their usual rates of freight for the return of unsold exhibits."

Her Husband—Well, it takes two to make a quarrel, so I'll shut up. His Wife—That's just like a contemptible man! You'll sit there and think mean things.—Chicago News.

"What's fresh in spring hats?" "Well, the milliners have invented two or three new vegetables, I believe."—Washington Herald.

Society at the Capital

THE opening of the new Country Club on Tuesday afternoon was favored with the most charming weather, and the consequence was society turned out in large numbers to attend what proved to be one of the most brilliant functions of the year. What was once a large private residence, beautifully situated on the Aylmer Road and on a well-wooded elevation overlooking one of the prettiest views on the Ottawa River, has been remodelled in a most tasteful manner, and is surrounded by wide green lawns and spacious tennis courts. The interior has been planned and furnished with excellent taste with a view to solid comfort as well as beauty, the prevailing color scheme employed throughout being a soft mossy green. The committee is to be congratulated on the perfect appointments of every part of the clubhouse.

The President, Mr. Berkeley Powell, and Mrs. Powell received the guests—who numbered nearly five hundred—at the entrance to the pretty reception room, and in the dining-room a buffet, laden with delicious refreshments, was gorgeously decorated with American Beauty roses; and smaller tables placed around the room for the convenience of parties of guests also bore vases of the same lovely roses. Many enjoyed their refreshments in the spacious sun-parlor, which commands a charming view of the river. The Guards Band, stationed on the lawn, added considerably to the pleasure of the afternoon. His Excellency Lord Grey and party, comprised of Capt. Fife, A.D.C., Col. Weston Jarvis and Mr. Arthur Sladen, arrived by private tram about five o'clock, their entrance being announced by the band striking up "God Save the King." They were met at the platform by Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley Powell and several members of the committee, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fauquier, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gill, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Macoun, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Egan, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Guthrie and Mr. W. H. Rowley.

The gowns worn by the fair sex on this occasion were exceedingly smart and up-to-date, and the various rooms and green lawns presented a very pleasing and kaleidoscope picture of variegated color, as the many guests came and went during the afternoon.

Already the privileges of the Club are being appreciated by many of our hostesses and on Friday Mrs. Edward Fauquier entertained there at a charming little luncheon. Miss Fitzpatrick also chose the same attractive spot at which to entertain several friends at a mid-day gathering on Saturday, and on Thursday Mrs. Robert Gill gave a thoroughly enjoyable and very well-arranged luncheon there, her guests including Madame Lemieux, Mrs. Charles Harriss, Mrs. Vernon Eaton and her sister, Miss Fitzrandolph, Mrs. Charles Reade, Mrs. Arthur Kohl, Miss Crombie, Miss Montizambert and Miss Fitzpatrick.

A very interesting event of the week was the marriage on Wednesday of Miss Ida Mercy Hughes, daughter of the late Patrick Hughes, Esq., of Toronto, to Mr. Guy Northcote Toller, eldest son of Lt. Col. and Mrs. Toller, of Chapel St., Rev. Father Whelan, of St. Patrick's Church, officiating. The bride was brought in and given away by Mr. Daniel O'Connor, Esq., K.C., and was most becomingly gowned in pale blue satin cloth, embroidered handsomely in pale shades and gold bullion, with sleeves and yoke of embroidered chiffon and lace. A picture hat of pale blue tulle with plumes of the same shade was worn with this, and a boquet of lily of the valley and white roses completed a very effective costume. Miss Nanno Hughes, as bridesmaid, wore an extremely dainty lingerie gown inlet with a great deal of filet lace and fashioned over pink silk, and a hat of pink straw with white ostrich tips, and carried a boquet of blush roses.

The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome necklace of pearls and amethyst and to the bridesmaid he gave a gold chain bracelet as a memento of the happy day. To Mr. D'Arcy McGee, who was best man, the groom presented a very pretty gold and pearl necktie pin. On the conclusion of the ceremony, the guests, who were limited to the immediate relatives of both families, enjoyed a short reception at the residence of Mrs. Charles O'Connor in Bay street, where the floral decorations were particularly lovely. In the library Richmond roses were en evidence everywhere and white roses were arranged about the dining-room and on the table where the *piece de resistance*, the wedding cake, was surrounded with them. After receiving the hearty congratulations of all present, the bride hurried away to don her travelling attire for their departure on the four o'clock train for New York and Baltimore, where the honeymoon will be spent. She wore a very smart gown of Alice blue Rajah silk handsomely braided with a coat of lace to match and blue hat trimmed with a wreath of blue flowers finished with a large cluster of American Beauty roses at the side.

On their return Mr. and Mrs. Toller will occupy Mrs. Charles O'Connor's residence for the summer months, while its chatelaine is holidaying with her young son. Among those who came from out of town points to the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Markey, of Montreal; Dr. and Mrs. Edward O'Connor, of Toronto; Dr. and Mrs. Cranston, of Arnprior; and Mr. Thomas Long, of Toronto.

In the evening the bachelor contingent of the wedding party gave a jolly little dinner-dance at the Golf Club, which included all the wedding guests as well as a number of the young people of the Capital, who thoroughly enjoyed the festivity.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, June 7, 1909.

What They All Say.

FOR the benefit of novelists we have compiled the following invaluable list of stock phrases. No "best seller" is complete without them. We offer them only to such romancers as are regularly enrolled on our paid subscription list.

"But why do I tell you all this?" she murmured.

"General! The lad who wishes to see you says that his name is Lafayette."

He flicked his last louis on the red—and won!

June, with its roses, has come again.

And so, they two, hand in hand, passed together into the scented and mysterious night.

The doctor looked down at the white face on the pillow. His eyes were grave; his lips were set.

"Remember, Chalkley! I am at home to no one."

In that brief moment his entire life passed in review before him.

But when, at last, the lights of the village came into view.

The hand of time had dealt lightly with that gentle face.

"It is enough for me, dear, that you are what you are; that you are simply *you*," she faltered.

He could be there in an hour. There might yet be time.

"Helen! You have been mad tonight."

She breathed more freely. One danger had at least been passed.

He turned in dismay and beheld before him a majestic figure robed in red. He gazed into a pair of searching eyes—they were the eyes of Cardinal Richelieu.—F. W. Crowninshield, in The Bookman.

ONE should always distinguish between the private and the official capacity of a person. The way of the policeman may thus be made hard because he is forced to arrest his friends, sometimes his former comrades. Nevertheless, stern necessity demands that the distinction should be kept. A story is told of how the Russian novelist, Tolstoi, is wont to act when occasion demands.

Tolstoi abominates sneaks and spies of all kinds. Melikoff, a sneak and a spy, he especially abominates.

One day Melikoff, suspecting that a good deal of revolutionary work was going on at Tolstoi's estate, dropped in unexpectedly.

"Do you come," said Tolstoi to him, "officially, or as a private person? If you come officially, here are my keys. Search. Examine everything. You are quite free to do so."

"But, count," said Melikoff, "believe me, I come to you as a private person."

Tolstoi looked at him in silence. Then, calling two stalwart muzhiks, he said:

"Here, pitch this man out of the house!"

IN 1868, Judge Little, a testy man, but a good lawyer, was suddenly appointed to fill a vacancy on the superior court bench in North Carolina. He had a habit of swearing which could not be suddenly laid aside.

At one of his first courts, a lawyer, nettled at one of his decisions, said, in a rather emphatic way:

"We will appeal from *that*."

The old judge forgot the proprieties of his new post, and promptly replied to the startled counsel, in the same tone:

"Appeal and be d——d!"

Tommy—Pop, what is the office that seeks the man? Tommy's Pop—The tax office, my son.—Philadelphia Record.

DRESSING BAGS

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June Wedding Presents

For a personal gift or by a few friends giving together, the Fitted Bag or Suit Case is one of the most appropriate presents that can be made.

Our stock to select from is the largest in Canada.

Prices from $12.00 to $75.00

Catalogue free. Explains all our specialties in Travelling and Leather Goods. Express paid in Ontario.

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105 KING STREET WEST

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The FIRST PRIZE will again be a LIFE ANNUITY of

Fifty-Two Dollars Cash

Equal to One Dollar Per Week Every Week During Lifetime

A Second Prize of One Hundred Dollars Cash

Two Prizes of Fifty Dollars Each

Ten Prizes of Twenty Dollars Each

Ten Prizes of Ten Dollars Each

Twenty Prizes of Five Dollars Each

One Hundred Prizes of One Dollar Each

CONDITIONS are similiar to the last Contest, except that all **Orange Meat** Carton Bottoms must be sent in on or before November 30th, 1909.

Full particulars on private post card in every package of Orange Meat. If you enter this contest, complete the blank space below with your name and address, cut it out and mail it to Orange Meat, Kingston, Ont., it will count equal to ten carton bottoms.

To ORANGE MEAT, KINGSTON.

I desire to enter your prize contest which matures November 30, 1909.

Full name .....

Address .....

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installed 25 years ago are as good as ever and doing splendid service. That fact is an evidence of the superior workmanship and materials used in their construction. "Eurekas" are made to last a lifetime and they have proven it.

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Handsomely finished in Ash and lined with Odorless Spruce or genuine Porcelain, and there is nothing about the "Eureka" to rust or corrode and poison the food.

"Eureka" Household Refrigerators are sold direct to the user at factory prices.

Write or 'phone Parkdale 513 for Illustrated Catalogue, or call at the factory. Leave Queen St. West cars at Brock Ave. Noble St. one block north.

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RUINART CHAMPAGNE

This famous wine is becoming recognized in Canada as superior to all others.

The word "Ruinart" on a bottle is the surest possible guarantee of champagne quality.

MY SECRET

(*Continued from page 9.*)

three. A cabman brought you here. It is now five o'clock."

"Was I alone? Was anyone found with me?"

"You were quite alone; and, of course, as soon as you are in a fit state to give information, the police will endeavor to find the person who assaulted you. There was a foreign made sword by your side, and your arm was bound up in a lady's lace handkerchief."

"Where is the handkerchief?" I asked.

It was given me—a delicate little piece of cambric and lace, stained and clotted with blood. In one corner were the initials.

"Mrs. Burditt, listen to me," I said, turning to my landlady. "If I'm going to be ill, I insist upon it that this handkerchief is kept exactly as it is. Put it in my drawer there, and don't touch it again. That's right. Now I'm going to sleep."

It was three months before I left my room, a broken-down wreck of a man. To the police I declared that the brain fever, which had laid such grim hold on me that I had nearly died, had driven from my mind all recollections of the events of that night. How false! The merest incident of it then, as now, was engraven deep upon my memory, and chief amongst those memories was the divine face of the girl whom I had befriended.

I accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, and renounced the career which a short while ago had absorbed my every interest; then I left for the Continent, for I decided that Italy should be the scene of my quest, heedless that I ran every risk, if my description was published, of being arrested as a murderer. Two months I spent in exploring the towns of Northern Italy—in vain. At last I came to Florence, and beginning my search in the most out-of-the-way parts, as was my wont, on the evening of my second day's stay, there I stood again beneath that stone balcony, and the whole scene seemed to rise once more before me. I mounted the grey stone steps and gazed at the brazen statues with a peculiar fascination. The whole scene was calm and peaceful, now, in the soft sunlight, and none would have thought that so lately it had witnessed a ghastly tragedy. At a particular spot I paused and looked down on the stone flags. Yes, it was there—a great stain of blood only half effaced.

My guide, who had doubtless been wondering at the interest which the little place possessed for me, now shrugged his shoulders and spoke.

"Ah! Monsieur is looking at those marks of blood. Doubtless he has heard of the romantic affair which took place here nearly six months ago?"

I shook my head, and he proceeded—

"There is one of our Florentine noblemen, the Count di Fiolessi, who has a *palazzo* not far from the top of those steps. He married an Englishwoman, and has a very beautiful daughter, with whom a young Florentine, Signor Mulazzi, fell desperately in love. He was a very strange young man; in fact, I have heard that he was downright mad. Anyhow, the young lady would have nothing to do with him. Well, he laid a very deep plot to carry her off one night. He sent a message to the Count di Fiolessi at three o'clock in the morning, purporting to come from the Count's brother, who lives but a little distance off, and who is an invalid. The message declared that he was dying, and summoned the Count and Signorina Adrienne to his bedside. They got up and, attended by a single servant, started off. When they reached this little place, Signor Mulazzi and a hired ruffian pounced upon them. The servant-man was thrown down and half murdered, Signorina Adrienne was being dragged off, and her father would have been killed, when a most extraordinary thing happens. An Englishman of gigantic stature springs from no one knows where, knocks the ruffian down with a blow of his fist, which nearly kills him, takes his sword, and finally runs Signor Mulazzi, who was one of the best swordsmen in Florence, through the body. When the guard came up, Mulazzi was dead, and the Englishman had gone, and has never been heard of from that day to this. A strange story, isn't it?"

"Very strange. And this Englishman—do they still look for him?"

The man shook his head.

"No; the affair was all hushed up. The outrage which he had attempted diverted all sympathy from Mulazzi, and no one but Count di Fiolessi has attempted to find the Englishman. On the first day there was a reward offered, but it was cancelled directly the Count had given his evidence."

"We will go back to the hotel," I said abruptly. "I have seen enough for to-day."

I hung about Florence for a week, restless and undecided. Then, as the sun was sinking behind the hills one evening, I mounted the steps and presented myself at the Palazzo Fiolessi. A tall servant led me through many anterooms and long marble corridors, until we came to a small sitting room, furnished almost in the English fashion. The occupants were on the balcony, and, leaving me in the middle of the room, the servant advanced to the window and announced "Signor Tregarron."

I will pass over the greeting I received, and the months which I spent at the Palazzo Fiolessi, and at the Count's villa near Rome. I am making a confession—not writing a love story. It was agreed between us that the events which had brought us together should never be mentioned. They were full of painful memories to all of us—to me they were more than painful; but for a while, in the delirium of my love, I was able to escape from all thoughts save of Adrienne. Least of all had I thoughts of troubles on one soft, balmy night, when, as we all three sat in the grounds of the Roman villa after a day of dreamy happiness. Adrienne whispered the one word which was needed to complete my felicity. Then I took her hand and led her to the Count, and he blessed us.

"My son!" he cried, "this is what I have prayed for! Bless you both, my children!"

He went indoors, for he was overcome. But Adrienne and I wandered across the smooth lawn, and among the marble statuettes, and hand-in-hand we watched the golden light from the full southern moon reflected in the dark waters of the Tiber flowing below us, and shining upon the vineyards which covered the slopes on the other side. Ah, life was very beautiful then!

I have finished my story. I have given a plain, unvarnished account of that night's adventure, during which powers unknown to us in this stage of our existence revealed themselves to me.

The Barred Door.

ONE night upon mine ancient enemy
I closed my door,
And, lo, that night came Love in search of me,
Love I had hungered for,
And, finding my door closed, went on his way
And came no more.

Pray you take counsel of this penitent
And learn thereof:
Set your door wide, whatever guests be sent,
Your graciousness to prove.
Better to let in many enemies
Than bar out Love.

—Theodosia Garrison, in Harper's Bazar.

MUSKOKA, GEORGIAN BAY, LAKE OF BAYS, TEMAGAMI.

Until June 25 (daily except Sunday), the Muskoka Express of elegant buffet-library-parlor cars and modern vestibule coaches will leave Toronto at 10.15 a.m., for Muskoka Wharf, making direct connection to all points on lakes.

Commencing June 26, the Georgian Bay Express will leave Toronto 11.50 a.m., running solid to Penetang Wharf, where direct connections will be made with new steamer, "Waubic," for Honey Harbor, Minnecog, Sans Souci, Parry Sound, and Point Au Baril, and on the same date the Muskoka Express will leave Toronto 12.05 noon, for Muskoka and Lake of Bays.

Night train for Muskoka, Lake of Bays. Temagami, etc., will also start on this date, leaving Toronto 2.05 a.m. (with sleepers open at Toronto from 9 p.m.)

For further information, tickets, and reservations, call at Grand Trunk City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone Main 4209.

HARRIET LANE JOHNSTON was a typical society woman of culture in the past. When Miss Lane lived in London with her uncle, the ambassador, an English nobleman was most attentive to her one night at a dinner. Miss Lane's hands were very beautiful. The nobleman, gently touching one of them as it lay on the cloth, quoted Gray:

"Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed."

Miss Lane's smiling retort was the completion of the couplet:

"Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

If it is a question of price—then, all things considered, "Salada" is the greatest tea value for the money paid, for experience has proven that "Salada" (packed in air-tight lead packets) is tea excellence.

An Experience in Living Abroad.

HOUSEKEEPING abroad is certainly a much easier affair than housekeeping at home, and much cheaper if done in the simple fashion of the country the sojourner chances to be in.

"When my friend and I came to Florence," says a writer in the Travel Magazine, "like all the world of travellers of limited purse we went to a pension. Two in the room, each paid $1.25 a day, or $36 or $37 a month.

"So for economy's sake we took two furnished rooms for which we paid $11 a month without fire and light. Service was $1.20 extra, cooking of dinner $1.60 more, washing of dishes less than a cent a day. We cooked our own supper and made coffee for our morning rolls.

"This plan had its drawbacks, Italian landladies being proverbial arguers over trifles. Ours was no exception, and after two years of her tyranny we set up for ourselves, and advise it strongly for anyone expecting to work or study for a time in Italy.

"Apartments in Florence are rented curiously. All the signs *Affitarsi* (To Let) are put up on August 21, and no matter how comfortable you may be in the mountains or by the seashore, back you must come to take your choice or else wait and get the leavings. An agent will do it for you, but personally we have secured nothing through them.

"Also, you can get scent of rooms or apartments to let from those gentlemen who sit on chairs by stands for boot-blacking, as the agency business is also their trade.

"The apartment found, the landlord interviewed, you must pay six months rent in advance. No matter how much an Italin landlord may desire you as tenant he will first inform you that there is an applicant before you and you must wait this too often mythical gentleman's decision. Sometimes even two have the advantage of you and gradually, as they dally or advance, you are worked up to the price you declined to rent at.

"What repairs you require you must mention before the contract is signed or you will never get them later. By law the roof must be in order and the floors cleaned. If your landlord refuses to put this affair of repairs in the contract but says he will give you his word, don't argue, for that is to insult him. In the old times and still with old-fashioned people *la parola* is equal to a bond.

"Your apartment taken, and you must pay a rent about equal to 100 lire or $20 a year a room or be cheated, you may retire from the scene, for you have no legal right to move in until November 1. In fact the occupant may remain in the apartment until November 8, and he usually does.

"Our apartment possesses four large rooms, a small room, a hall, a tiny kitchen and a cellar, and for it we pay $10 a month. The great thing in renting a house or apartment in Italy is to see that there is sun on the rooms during some part of the day. It shines gloriously on our five.

"The second payment must be made on February 28. In some cases an agent or representative of the landlord calls and inquires concerning your intentions. If there is a portiere, as in our case, he or she informs you that your landlord waits your pleasure.

"Everything counts for a room in the contract, even the tiny hall. Of course now and then you can secure an apartment at any time of the year, but the usual custom is to rent only in August."

A professional man in town who regards his time as valuable has devised an effective plan for handling obstreperous and persistent conversationalists. He has on his desk a small alarm clock. When a visitor of unpleasant propensities is announced this man picks up his clock sets the alarm for three minutes ahead, and receives his caller. Time goes by, and then the clock does its duty. The busy man starts as he hears the sound, consults his watch, and then rises with a hasty apology. "I'm mighty sorry we won't be able to discuss that longer," he says, "but I've an important engagement at this hour, and simply must keep it."—The Argonaut.

"There are many points about our machine, Mr. Fosdick," the agent was saying, "that you don't find in typewriters usually. For example, the whole line, as you write, is visible—by the way, Mr. Fosdick, have you ever had a visible typewriter in your office?" "Visible?" he said. "We have one that's more than visible—she's conspicuous!"—Chicago Tribune.

"Foreign travel is very improving," said the studious girl. "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "although you can't always tell where a person has been by the pictures on the post cards he sends home."—Washington Star.

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